P. Shafeta

PEOPLE AND CAINS

ESSAYS
ARTICLES
PAMPHLETS

P. Shafeta

PEOPLE AND CAINS

ESSAYS
ARTICLES
PAMPHLETS

Kiev
Politvidav Ukraini
Publishers, 1982

The book of essays, articles and pamphlets by Polikarp Shafeta, Laureate of the Republican Prize named after Yaroslav Halan, exposes the criminal antipopular activity of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, tells about the struggle of the Soviet people against these servants of imperialist reaction.

Ш 0802010206—053
M201(04)—82 153.82

© Політвидав України, 1982
© Politvidav Ukraini
Publishers, 1982

To the Reader.

We offer you a book written by journalist Polikarp Shafeta. It is entitled *People and Cains.* These two words, standing as if on the two opposite sides of a barricade, reflect the main essence of this book in which everything is documental — the events, the facts and names.

The author writes about various destinies of people who honestly lived in this world, courageously fought for the interests of the working people, and whose deeds arouse admiration and delight. These are genuine people, whom it is acceptable to speak about with great respect. At the same time you'll learn about the criminal activity of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, this Cain offspring, which, through all its history, served world reaction. The word "Cain" was borrowed into many languages of world nations from mythology. According to the Bible, Cain, the oldest son of Adam and Eve, was a cruel man-hater and killed his brother Abel. That is why the word "Cain" has become the synonym for the word "fratricide."

The name of Cain can be rightfully applied to Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, traitors of the nation and different renegades, the ominous line of whom begins with the period of growing class struggle. At that time, when the working masses under the leadership of the Communist Party overthrew the old and corrupt state machine,

which was called tsarist autocracy, the representatives of the bourgeoisie, landlords and kulaks united in various nationalist parties, spoke out against the revolutionary transformations in the Ukraine, zealously served imperialist states which were trying to destroy the Soviet state and enslave the Soviet people. The events described in this book took place at different times and places, but all of them seem to lead to the Volyn, an ancient Slav land, which, like all of Western Ukraine, fell, at the beginning of the 1920s, under the rule of bourgeois Poland. But the revolutionary struggle continued there. Volyn went down into history as "Red Volyn." The organizers of this struggle were communists, members of the underground Communist Party of Western Ukraine.

The remnants of different bourgeois-landlord parties and puppet regimes fled here to Western Ukraine. They united into the so-called Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN) and placed themselves at the service of Polish and other foreign secret services, peddling the national interests of the Ukraine.

When the ominous figure of Hitler appeared on the political scene, the nationalists, trying to outdo one another, began to offer their services to the Hitlerite regime. In September of 1939 the Red Army liberated Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia from the national and social oppression of the Polish bourgeois government, preventing the occupation of these lands by fascist Germany which had invaded Poland and quickly suppressed it. The Western Ukrainian lands were reunited with Soviet Ukraine. The nationalist chieftains moved fur-

ther to the West under the warm wing of the nazi intelligence services.

Among the refugees from Western Ukraine was Stepan Bandera, the son of a rich priest, a deep-rooted terrorist and cold-blooded killer. The OUN was then headed by Andrei Melnik, from whom Bandera claimed the leadership in the OUN. But Melnik did not only refuse to give it up, nor did he have any intention of sharing this position well-paid by foreign secret services. As a result of this hostility, the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists split into two competing camps — the Melnikovites and the Banderites. A bitter and bloody struggle began between them, although they differed very little one from the other, because the verbal and armed conflicts between them was the struggle for the title of best lackey, for who will best please the Fuhrer and receive the bigger financial prize. This spiritual similarity especially vividly manifested itself during the years of the Great Patriotic War of the Soviet people against Nazi Germany. Upon the orders of the German Headquarters, the Banderites organized a so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army to fight against the Soviet partisans. This subversive band resorted to terror, and carried out spying missions in Polissya and Volyn. The Melnikovites were not to be outdone either. In the Spring and Summer of 1943 they organized the "SS Halichina" division with the help of the fascist occupants, which was used to cover up the break-throughs in their front while fleeing from the blows of the Red Army.

The German fascists in every way took advantage of the mutual hostility between the

Ukrainian and Polish bourgeois nationalists who lay claim to taking over the Western Ukrainian lands.

At the Nuremberg trials among other war criminals who were sentenced to death was Governor-General of Poland — Frank. In his diary on August 5, 1942 he wrote: "In the interests of the Germany policy tense relations should be retained between the Poles and Ukrainians. Those 4 or 5 million Ukrainians, who live here, are a very important counterbalance to the Poles. That is why I always try to maintain among them some politically satisfactory mood, in order to avoid them uniting with the Poles."

The top echelons of the Greek Catholic or Uniate and the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church played a shameful role in these cain, fratricide operations.

Just as soon as the nazis seized several Western Ukrainian towns and villages in June of 1941, the Uniate church found itself in the first train and became a loyal accomplice to the occupants. They blessed the killers from the subversive nationalist detachments before their punitive operations against the partisans, before the execution of families of Soviet patriots, conducted divine services which very much reminded one of Goebbels' speeches, and personally took part in the pogroms of Jews.

Typical fascist hirelings were clergymen from the so-called Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church.

When under the blows of the Red Army the Hitler military machine became falling to pieces, the intelligence departments of the German headquarters began to train subversive bands

from among the nationalists for sabotage and bloody terror on the Soviet land. Retreating to the West, the fascists left the nationalists secret ammunition-dumps, food storehouses, as well as their instructors. The bandits set up secret hide-outs and from there attacked Soviet soldiers and officers, blew up bridges and railroads.

They especially made short work of those who assisted the reconstruction of the war-devastated villages, went to serve in the Red Army, organized collective farms. The Banderites even annihilated small children, women and old men, set fire to schools, clubs and libraries.

Nonetheless the Soviet people rapidly cleansed their land from these Ukrainian nationalist bands.

Today nationalists of all shades and colors have blended themselves with the reactionary forces which speak out against peace and international security, attempting to shake the foundation of the socialist system with the aid of ideological subversion. Several countries in the West gave shelter to the remnants of the various "governments" representing no-one, to parties, church organizations, which are constantly quarreling amongst themselves trying to gain the "right" to represent all people of Ukrainian descent living abroad.

Foreign anti-communist, anti-Soviet centers use religion for ideological subversion as well. The reactionary clergy, in particular the top echelons of the Uniate and Autocephalous churches, are afraid of the good neighbor relations among peoples, peace among nations. The Banderite leader Yaroslav Stetsko, for instance, who calls himself "an obedient parishioner of the

Uniate Church," lectures not only the leader of this church Josef Slipiy from the military and extremist point of view, but even the Rome Pope as well because the Second Vatican Synod condemned thermo-nuclear war.

But the attempts of the nationalists and their tutors from the Uniate and Autocephalous churches to breed strife among nations are doomed to failure. The great leader of the working people Vladimir Lenin foresaw that the victory of socialism will bring about new, higher forms of human relations. The Soviet people know that the majority of working people among Americans of Ukrainian descent does not support the bourgeois nationalist refugees from the Ukraine, that the progressive Ukrainian organizations overseas are their true friends, genuine champions of peace and fraternity. Speaking in the words of the author of this book, they are genuine people, who have nothing whatsoever to do with Cains.

THE LIFE OF A VETERAN

Pavlo Balankevich was only twenty-five when he thought that the most terrible day of his life had been already outlived. This was when Western Ukraine was under the rule of landlord Poland.

"In the valley near the village of Hubin," he recalls, "I was caught by the police. We, a group of young underground communists, were surrounded by Polish chastisers in the village orchard where we had gathered to agree how we were to hang up red banners on the eve of the May holiday. There was no escape, but we did not want to fall into their hands. 'Crawl along the furrows to the forest,' I whispered to the boys, 'I'll leave by the orchard and distract the attention of the police.' I was seized immediately. The policeman Hontarski, I recognized him even in the pale light of the moon, handcuffed me.

'Who are you and what are you doing here?'

'If you don't know who I am, then why the handcuffs? It's none of your business, what I was doing here. Had a date with a girl.'

The commandant banged on the door and dragged out the sleepy landlord.

'Was he in your house this night?'

'Never laid eyes on him,' answered the man with a yawn.

The commandant shook his fist.

'You found whom to ask, was I here? Ask his daughter. Take a look into the barn.'

His daughter was one of our members, and we had agreed with her that in case of my arrest she was to confirm the invented story that I was her suitor.

One of the policemen made his way to the barn, but two others, who were searching the farmstead, suddenly began outshouting one another.

'Sir Commandant! There was a whole flock of them here. Their nest in the rye is still warm.'

Kozlovski, the village police commandant organized a chase, but my comrades were already far away and safe.

'Shoot him,' shouted the commandant angrily.

I was taken to the gully and the police took aim with their rifles.

'Well,' I thought to myself, 'this is the end. Farewell to life.'

Then I saw Kozlovski lower his rifle.

'Why shoot just you?' he said looking me into the eyes gloatingly. 'You'll give away all those who taught you to agitate for Soviet power, all the members of your organization. Then we'll do away with the lot of you.'

At that time the chastisers were still optimistic. They didn't know us Western Ukrainian communists too well. Later on at the interrogation at the prison in Lutsk, they were of a different opinion of me: 'This one won't give away anything.' And I didn't. The verdict of the court was severe — eight years of imprisonment."

"In September 1939 we escaped from prison," continues Pavlo. "The Polish bourgeois authorities had other troubles on their minds. Hitler attacked Poland. In Warsaw the former in-mates

split into groups. We heard rumors that the Red Army was fighting in our parts, and that freedom had finally come. So we were in a hurry to get home. I made my way along the tracks. There were trains everywhere as if in a steel graveyard. Then I saw that a steam engine was being attached to one of the trains. It was a strange train indeed. The windows were all closed from the inside, and the doors were not opened. But this did not bother us at all, just as long as we could get up on the roofs of the carriages.

I think that there were about a dozen of us then. Everyone found a place for himself. The train started moving to the East. I began looking around me. The carriage I was on was the last, and there was a ladder hanging down the side. I stepped on the rung, it held. From the ladder I reached one of the windows, tried the frame, it gave. I lowered my legs and began climbing into the carriage through the open window. I squeezed by way in and I found myself in the W-closet. There was no other choice, so I stood looking out the window as the train moved along. Suddenly I heard someone opening the lock of the door. I turned around and saw a lady dumbfounded with fright. Coming to her senses she began screaming and ran away. I also went out into the corridor. I was quickly surrounded by pompous gentlemen, who were jabbering something and pointing their fingers at my chest, but I couldn't understand what they wanted. Finally an elderly man who, from his looks, was a professor told me to follow him.

'Who are you?' he asked in Russian.

I told them who I was and added that I was

a political prisoner, communist, and that I was on my way home.

'Do you have any documents about you?'

'What documents are you talking about, I only have my prison number tatooed on my chest, nothing else.'

The man took me into a compartment, the windows were drawn, and the lamps on. The compartment was by then full of men and women. I told my story, and the man translated, and when my story was coming to the part about prison and the tortures, everyone listening angrily let out a shout and clasped their hands. All of a sudden my heart stood still: an armed gendarme shoved everybody from the door, dashed into the compartment, grabbed me by the collar and lifted his sword. The old interpreter caught hold of the gendarme's arm, and the men and ladies had grabbed him from behind, saying something to him. The gendarme cooled down, and angrily sliding the sword into its case stepped out into the corridor.

'Do you know what train you're on?' asked the old man after things had somewhat settled down.

'How am I supposed to know?'

'This train is carrying a foreign embassy staff home, and is under diplomatic immunity.'

'Let it be diplomatic immunity,' I answered, taking breath, to the fleeing diplomats 'as long as I get home one way or another. And not just I, there are a dozen like me on the roof of the train.'

And that's how I made my way to Volyn.

Soon after this the nazis attacked the Soviet Union. And with these invaders came nationalist

saboteurs trained by foreign secret services. The OUNite agents came out from their hiding places.

'I was then working with the Senkevychivka District Militia. In June, 1941, on Saturday I went to the village of Shklin on an errand of the District Party Committee to mobilize people for building frontier fortifications. Having had a word with the chairman of the Village Soviet I laid down to rest. In the morning I was awaken by the chairman. 'It seems that the planes are flying much too often, and blasts can be heard over Lutsk,' he told me cautiously. 'Well, there's an airport near Lavrov, and they're probably holding maneuvers,' I answered and went about my affairs. I assembled the people in the village club and told them what was required of them. I well remember that 12 villagers left for the frontier area at noon. Then I met a man I knew. His name was Rosyuk. He later was killed at the front. 'The war is on,' he told me. 'Take a bike and return to the district center while it's till day light.' I pushed on the pedals and set out to Senkevychivka. There I received orders to immediately evacuate. I decided to get to my native village of Horodishche and take my sister who was head of the Village Soviet. While at home I ran to the house of my comrade Mitrofanyuk to hurry him and his wife up, we had to leave immediately. In the meanwhile I lay down in the weeds near the fence and listened. I heard the voice of my neighbor, Koryshko, a wealthy man and a nationalist activist.

'Have you by any chance seen if the Commissar Balankevich has returned?'

'No. If I did see him, I would be the first to hang him on that tree over there.'

That was the voice of my other neighbor, Stasyuk. I realized that I must be careful, the nationalists are beginning to openly raise their heads. We waited until dark and the four of us, keeping clear of roads, through rye fields and gardens made our way to Charukiv. And in the morning the front had come real close to the village: our troops were retreating, carts were carrying the wounded and the dead were being buried at the village cemetery.

What were we to do? I saw a military unit. The captain looked at a map and asked me the way. 'I'll show you how to get onto the main road, please take along four activists with you. It's war time,' answered the captain, 'you should have your documents about you.'

Ill-luck would have it, both my sister and Mitrofanyuk's wife had forgotten to take their documents. In their haste, this did not enter their heads. 'You go along with the troops,' I said to them, 'I'll take the short cut back to the village, and get your documents and catch up with you.' I ran out onto the railway track and saw a group of armed men walking towards me. Probably the bridge guards, I thought, and confidently ran on.

'Stop!'

I stopped. The armed men came closer. I recognized two of them, the ticket-seller of the railway station and another lad from Radomishl. They grabbed me, tied my hands, and searched me.

'What are you doing? Don't you recognize me?'

'Sure we recognize you,' they laughed.

Spurring me on with their rifle butts, they forced me to move along. Not far away stood a watch-tower and there always was a person on duty there. I thought that he would notice me right away, that I would cry for help. But when I was led up to the tower I saw the dead soldier on the ground. Everything became clear.

The small building which stood by the tower was full of armed men. I guessed right away that they were nationalists, the sons of wealthy men. I recognized Vasil Kulish from Ugrinov, he graduated from a gymnasium in Poland, and Artem, the mechanic from the mill. They were standing beside a freshly-dug pit waiting for someone. And finally another of my acquaintances came out of the building — the bookkeeper from the mill. He took a rifle, and maliciously grinning, came up to me.

'Get into the pit. Soviets won't help you now.'

I stood silent, quickly thinking how not to give up my life in vain. Suddenly I heard somebody shout:

'Where is the Commandant?'

'Which one?' asked one of the men aiming a rifle.

'Neyelovich.'

'I'm here!'

'A truck with Soviets has lost its way to Dubovy Korchmy. Shall we shoot them, or capture the truck?'

'How about shells?'

'We have enough!'

'Then, follow me. As for him (I understood that he meant me), finish him off near the forest.'

They led me off along the tilled field. Two in front and two behind. Night was falling. On the other side of the road was a rye field. Escape? Let them kill me in the attempt. Suddenly a voice in Russian was heard from the rye. "Stop! Who goes there?" and a burst of machine-gun fire. I jumped in the direction of the fire and almost fell on the machine-gun: "Save me!" A group of Soviet soldiers were breaking out of encirclement, and their machine-gun fire dispersed the bandits. I told the soldiers that not far off a military truck had lost its way. We should help it. We walked along the railroad track and soon saw a fire, this was what was left of the truck. Nearby lay two bodies, one was an officer and the other a private, probably, the driver. We were sick at heart, but we had to go on and find out units. The war had just begun. Near Ostrog, Rovno Region, I caught up with my sister, the Mitrofanyuks and the captain who headed the military transport and had asked me the way..."

My interlocutor, Pavlo Balankevich, is already a veteran, he has long ago merited the right to retire. But he still works at the Horokhiv Sugar Refinery in Volyn Region. He is respected by everyone and enjoys great prestige.

"After Volyn was liberated from the nazis," he continued his story," I visited Senkevychivka. At that time Stasyuk, the one who was going to hang me, was being questioned.

'Go and listen to what he's telling the investigator,' said my acquaintance, the Chief of the District Militia Department. We entered the room. Stasyuk sat terrified, and stammered about the details of his annihilation of people.

'What did you do with Yaroshes, a Polish family from Ozeryany?' the investigator asked him.

'The one who owned a threshing-machine?'

'Yes.'

'What did we do? I shot the old man and when his daughter-in-law came out carrying a little girl I thrust my bayonet into her stomach. She was expecting another child. After this I went away. We returned though. It was interesting to find out if she had survived. We saw that she was still alive. Her lips were parched, the daughter was wading in blood around her. Yarosh's daughter-in-law asked for a drink of water, and one of our men took a dipper of stale and poured it into her mouth. Then we finished her off...'

That is what Pavlo Balankevich retains in his memory. He remembers it so that the crimes of the Ukrainian nationalists never be forgotten nor forgiven, and that these crimes never be repeated.

DESTINY OF A PARTISAN FAMILY

There were seven brothers in the Neroda family which lived in Volyn Region. Only two survived. The other perished in the war. Volodimir, who escaped from a nazi camp, was shot by the fascists. Olexander was burned alive by the police in the forest village. The graves of Ivan and Maxim have been lost among the partisan paths. Mikita perished at a time when people were beginning to forget the war. His life was cut short by a bullet fired by a bandit from the nationalist underground.

Of the Neroda brothers only the youngest, Boris and Grigoriy, remained alive. Tragedies followed the Nerodas at every step. But they could not break their patriotic spirit.

1.

A passenger entered the officers' coach of the Kovel-Lyublin train. The SS ticket collector pierced him with a glance and blocked the passage waiting for a special pass to be shown. As soon as his suspicious eyes fell upon the Gestapo agent badge, the ticket collector stepped aside.

At the third station the "agent" stepped out onto the platform and pretended to miss the train's departure. He ran after it but helplessly dropped his hand, and stopped in his tracks.

The train took up speed. The officers in the coach began to look for amusement. The soldier, who served the officers, tried to carry the suitcase of the passenger, who was left on the platform, into his compartment, but was noticed by the oberleutnant who, smiling ironically, said:

"Trying to get rich fast, eh? Maybe those things belong to me..."

Half an hour later the train flew into the air. The epicenter of the blast was the officers' coach, to be more exact, the compartment where the stranger left his suitcase. ...The war found Olexander Neroda in his native village of Nabruski, Volyn Region. The village square was swarming with invaders who were forcibly driving the villagers here to announce that a kulak was being appointed village elder.

The nazi appointee was swearing his loyalty to the fascists:

"In a week's time, the last Bolshevik in the village will be hanging on the gallows!"

After this statement, Olexander wrote several leaflets carrying reports of the Soviet Information Bureau which he heard over the radio, secretly taken from the building of the district Komsomol Committee and hidden in a safe place. The village elder, at once, recognized who the author of the leaflets was.

"Until there is one Neroda living in Nabruski," he reported to the Police, "no one in the village will yield to the new power..."

The chastisers arived at Nabruski on the double. But Olexander was nowhere to be found. His father and first cousin Fedir Karpenko were arrested. At dawn both men were led beyond the village. Shots thundered. Neroda senior dropped to the ground covered with blood, but Fedir was alive: he fell to the ground just a split second before the machine-guns opened fire. At night he crawled out of the half-covered pit from under the dead bodies, and made his way to the forest. There he met Olexander Neroda and uncle Stas Mazurik.

"We'll take revenge," they vowed.

That's how the nucleus of a partisan detachment was formed. And soon it grew into a military unit commanded by Polish communist Josef Sobesyak, who back in 1939 escaped from nazi occupied Poland to the territory of the Soviet Union.

Time passed. Olexander Neroda looked at the enemy only through the foresight of a machine-gun, or through the glow of the fire which rose over the nazi troop trains he blew sky high.

2.

The partisan needed their own eyes and ears in the occupants' midst. Olexander Neroda said: "I'll try to penetrate into the Gestapo."

The lad knew well a nazi henchman who was able to conceal his fascist nature in the prewar years. Olexander used to work with him on the railroad. He decided to take advantage of this acquaintance. And luck was with him. The latter put in a good word for the young Neroda, who soon became an "agent" on the Kovel railroad junction.

The nazis planned to destroy several villages which actively assisted the partisans. Two days before the punitive operation was to take place, a copy of the pogrom plan lay before Sobesyak. At the same time Olexander Neroda had slipped the Kovel Gebietskomissar a false plan of partisan detachment locations. The game began. On the eve of the punitive operation the chastisers were utterly defeated there, where they didn't even expect to meet the national avengers.

Finally the SS-men got on the trail of Olexander. He was now a Gestapo chauffeur in the village of Povursk near Kovel. But the brave scout did not loose his head and brought his difficult and risky role to the end.

...The truck was packed with Gestapo men. Olexander drove along the dirt road which ran alongside the railroad tracks. Thick shafts of light cut through the darkness, on his left there appeared a gapped wall of the black forest. Something a long way off would light up and go out, as if someone was chopping the heavens with a fire-sword. A train was nearing.

The chauffeur was nervous. One thing was worrying him. How to reach the crossroad at the moment the train drew near. The puffing steam engine drew nearer and nearer, hauling a long troop train. Olexander stepped on the gas, and jumped out of the truck...

The nazis offered a large reward for Olexander Neroda. In Lutsk the scout was recognized by a policeman and the chase began. In a remote farmstead, near the Kolkiv forest the chastisers caught up with him and a group of his comrades. The exhausted partisans, who were sleeping in the forester's hut, were awakened by a bright light at the window. The flames were already licking the window, in the gleam of the flames they could see the moving shadows of the chastisers.

"Surrender!" shouted a voice from the yard, and was followed by several bullets which shattered the window glass.

Olexander Neroda threw a grenade out of the window in reply.

Soon the burned rafters crashed to the ground and a fountain of crackling sparks rose into the sky and thick smoke enveloped the clearing.

3.

A room in the village police headquarters. Standing his back to the wall is Ivan Neroda, pale and exhausted from inhuman tortures.

"Where is your older brother?" asked the commandant, and seeing the lad clench his teeth, pressed the trigger emptying the cartridge clip into the wall around the head of the arrested. The commandant's henchmen strung Ivan up-

side-down and poured kerosene into his nostrils and again asked:

"Where is your brother?"

The lad remained silent.

The day-long interogation of the youngster did not bring the commandant any satisfaction, and he learned nothing from Ivan. Having shot the lad through the leg, he ordered him thrown into the brick cellar to be shot at dawn.

But the execution did not take place. Several daring fellows from the detachment of Sobesyak liberated the lad and brought him to the forest.

"It is with pleasure that we accept another of the Nerodas," said the commander.

Ivan's first baptism of fire was not slow in coming. The partisan detachment was moving on to Nabruski. People were in a hurry. News came from the headquarters that a Soviet landing party was to be disembarked near the village. The partisans set out to meet the Soviet party and soon heard dull grenade blasts, and short bursts of machine-guns. The men quickened their pace and came out onto a hillock overgrown with young pine trees. They saw a dramatic picture of an uneven battle. A mob of chastisers had surrounded the courageous group. Single shots were heard from the encircled parachutists. Suddenly the SS-men were hit by a precision fire. They sensed the danger and hurriedly withdrew.

Having returned to their base, the partisans tried to find out who informed the chastisers about the landing party. It was necessary to immediately liquidate the traitor. Ivan Neroda went scouting.

A quiet May night. The grasshoppers were

chirping incessantly. It seemed that the stars were clinking high above. The scout was approaching his yard by way of the garden. He wanted to at least drop in for a moment and see his mom.

But what's this? Only the blackened stove with part of the chimney stood in a once-well kept yard. A poignant and alarming scene of recent fire... From the neighbors he learned that his mother and sister had been shot. The whereabouts of his younger brothers, Boris and Grigoriy, was unknown.

4.

The Nabruski village elder, through a disturbing dream heard someone knock on the window pane. He jumped up and ran to the window pressing his body to the wall.

"Who's there," he asked and heard the pounding of his heart.

"Open up! Manevichi police," answered a boisterous voice from outside.

The elder pushed back the numerous bolts and chains on the door, and opened it. The strangers entered boldly, and ordered the host to lit up the night lamp, and when the yellow light snatched out from the darkness the pale elder, affectedly and heedlessly explained:

"The Sobesyak detachment has laid ambush in the young woods near the village. We now can hit them unexpectedly. Are there any reliable men around here?"

At the mention of Sobesyak, who was by then a well-known partisan leader in Polissya, the elder's legs buckled from fright, but he quickly

recovered and began busying himself with getting his rifle out from under the bench. "Oh, that infernal Bolshevik!" exclaimed the elder. It's high time he tasted the noose... I'll go now and call some reliable help for you. There are several men here. But I'll ask you to get those Nerodas."

"Why does Mr. elder hate them so much?"

"They are deadly enemies of the Fuhrer. It was they who led Sobesyak here to assist the parachutists.

The elder rushed out onto the street and soon returned to the house with several armed men. The leader of those who woke up the elder, addressed the men.

"We're off to get Sobesyak. Those who are shaking in their boots better admit it now. We don't want any cowards along."

The men stood in silence.

"Well, let's go?"

"Yes, let's go!"

"Who of your men has ever seen the partisan himself?"

"Never had a chance."

"Then take a good look at me. I'm Sobesyak! Hands up!" roared the commander, swinging a grenade. The partisans poked their machine-guns into the chests of the bewildered traitors.

"What's this all about, Mr. Chief?" the elder tried to clear up the unexpected turn of events.

At this moment Ivan Neroda entered the house. The elder fainted and slowly slid to the floor.

...Morning. The stench of gun powder could be detected through the open window of the village elder's house. The breeze fluttered a piece of paper held down by a rock on the table.

"Verdict carried out.
People's avengers.
May 10, 1942.'

They found Boris and Grigoriy Neroda in the forest. Together with Ivan and Maxim they went scouting. Once they were passing through the village of Cherevakha. They entered a yard which looked as if a rich man lived here and were met by the master himself.

"Who are you?"

"We're making our way to the partisans."

"What do you want?"

"To spend the night here."

The master hesitated and then asked them into the house. He fed them a good supper and took them off to sleep in the barn full of sweet-smelling hay.

"You can sleep here..."

At night the master opened the door of the entrance hall and carefully made his way to the barn to make sure they were asleep. Then he dashed off to the saw-mill where there was a telephone. But his night conversation with the Manevichi police was overheard by the partisan-brothers who hid themselves behind the door of the office.

In an hour or so, along the forest road from Cherevakha to Manevichi, the partisan ambush was killing off the last of the police unit summoned by the traitor.

The partisans once found out that the fascists intended to burn several villages where the actual masters were people's avengers. The detachment command decided to outstrip the chastisers. In the village of Karasin, the police were

well fortified and to capture their garrison was no easy matter. The storm lasted several hours, after which it turned out that it was necessary to at any cost get near the main building and hurl grenades into the windows of the defenders. Sobesyak understood that the risk was extremely great. And Josef silently crawled forward, but he was overtaken by Ivan Neroda.

"You can't go," said the lad, you're the commander. Direct the fighting and let me have a try..."

The brave lad was already near the window covered by a wire net. With a tug he brought it down. Good! Now the grenades. But at this moment the lad fell to the ground mown down by an enemy bullet.

...May 1943. The partisans detained a young man in the forest.

"What are you doing here?"

"Fulfilling the behest of may father. Yesterday he was shot by the fascists. At our last meeting he told me: "Go and join the partisan detachment, son, the one in which the Nerodas are killing the fascists."

THIS CANNOT BE FORGIVEN

In the district center of Stara Vyzhivka, Volyn Region, three former policemen, Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, were put on trial. Mykola Dufanets was discovered in Vorkuta, a town in the far north, Yukhim Rybachuk on the shore of the Okhotsk Sea, Magadan Region, and Artem Bubela had expertly concealed his tracks in Volyn Region.

More than 40 victims and almost 200 witnesses gave evidence at the open trial which lasted one month at the district House of culture. They related the horrible crimes committed by the accused, fascist hirelings, during the last war. Regrettably, not all the criminals were in the dock. Two, at least, were absent — Kirilo Zvarich and Kirilo Harbar.

Zvarich now lives in Boston, Great Britain, under the name of Stanislav Petrovsky who was killed by the Banderites. The Soviet government appealed for the extradition of this criminal, but the British government is evading the issue.

Kirilo Harbar, or Harbaruk, found shelter in Sweden, and time and again even grants interviews. The magazine *Ukrainskiy Samostiynyk,* later renamed the *Suchastnist,* introduced him to its readers in the following way: "Kirilo took part in several large-scale operations: on the eve of the Feast of Saint Peter and Paul in 1943, against the division of Bolshevik partisans numbering 1,500 in the Lubokhinsky Forest. In the second half of July he again fought against the Bolshevik partisan division in the village of Nudyzhi, Holovensky district. In January 1944, Harbar again takes part in large-scale operations against the Bolshevik partisans in the village of Kukuriky, Holovensky district."

If one was to listen to this not quite grammatically correct but boastful story he would get the impression that Harbar-Harbaruk is a brave knight. Yes, he was brave when he shot and killed civilians, especially women, children and old men. And this was clearly testified to at the trial. There were 278 typed pages in the indictment of this case. These included the

crimes committed by Dufanets himself, and the witness accounts in this case took up 2 hours of the trial. The guilt of the criminals was proven beyond doubt, and they themselves confessed it. The sentence passed was severe but just — they were to be put before a firing squad.

But as soon as the press published this news, self-appointed lawyers for the nationalist criminals appeared in the West. They sent letters to the Procurator's Office and newspapers asking that these bloody killers be pardoned. No, they cannot be forgiven. The reader, too, will come to this conclusion after reading the truth about just two of the almost hundred episodes which were related at the trial.

"Drive them to the lake," ordered the German fascist ocupants.

The chastisers closed in on the ghetto, and rushed to the buildings. Rybachuk ran off to the farm of David Langer.

"Get ready for the road," announced Rybachuk with long awaited satisfaction, "you can take along your gold."

A live, multi-voiced crowd stirred on the narrow strip of the shore of the lake. The dry voice of the Rabbi was whispering a prayer. He raised his hands and with a voice trembling from powerless tears said in despair:

"Today, God has called us to a common grave..."

A heart-rending cry rocked the crowd, even the children began wailing, seeing the distorted faces of their mothers swimming in tears.

Kirilo Zvarich rushed up to the Rabbi point-

ing to the road. The Rabbi obediently took a step, looked back at the people, bowed low, and invited them to follow him to the grave. In a weak and tearful voice he sang:

"When God calls upon us..."

Hundreds of feet trampled the warm and soft dust of the country road. The crowd was followed by rumbling carts drawn by horses. On one lay two almost exhausted women. One of them hung her head almost to the ground wiping away the cart tracks in the sand with her hair. Sitting on her was Rybachuk, striking her face with a wide leather belt. With each blow the cries of the old Jewish woman became weaker and weaker. She was dying. The other, who was lying with her head to the driver, time and again tried to lift herself as if to see another, the last misery in her life before death came.

At the locality of Pisotsk, drying in the autumn sun, a great big grave greedily awaited the people. It could be recognized a long way off, silent and indifferent.

Seeing the black mouth of the grave, the people stopped in their tracks overwhelmed by a numb terror.

The chastisers began shoving the people at the head of the column with their rifle butts. They approached the pit from the side where a descent to the bottom was carefully evened off. Dufanets ordered everyone to sit down. The policemen closed in even tighter around the exhausted crowd which had fallen silent. Rifles were crossed over their heads. The SS-men who also accompanied the column, went off a bit to the side and lit up their cigarettes with relief. At

last, Dufanets had brought them to the place, safe and sound.

With a business-like air Dufanets went up to the Rabbi and said:

"It's high time... Everybody undress and get into the pit in families."

The Rabbi gave a shudder, muttered the last prayer and turning to the people said:

"We have been permitted to die with our families. Humble yourself to your fate, my brothers..."

Several women fell to their knees and crawled to Dufanets, who was calmly and in a business-like manner rolling up his sleeves. He scornfully stepped back. To his aid from the pit hurried Zvarich and Harbaruk. They struck the women on the hands with their rifles, and booted them to the pit.

"Stop irritating me, or I'll put a bullet through your bellies," threatened Dufanets, "Want to die a more terrible death than the one to come? Want to die in agony?"

The Rabbi, his wife and their children, had by then undressed and together, joining hands, were the first to go down into the pit and lie face down.

The crowd fell back and began to stir. The chastisers clicked their gun locks.

"Want a bullet in your belly, eh?"

Dufanets, Harbaruk and Zvarich turned on the women and shoved their boots into their faces. They grabbed away the small children and taking them by the hands and legs, dragged them off to the pit.

"Don't separate us from our children!.."

Dufanets turned to where the cry was coming

from and recognizing the wife of Grivka Yankel, grinned with satisfaction.

"Aha, you got the point. Won't do it again? Now, go on, get into the pit! Why the Devil are you getting on my nerves?"

The pit was streaming with blood which did not have time to congeal.

Dufanets walked over the bodies moving them down with his boots to make room for everybody. God forgive a hitch before the SS-men.

Behind him people were now running into the pit, tearless and without cries, indifferently looking at the death of others.

"Hurry up! What's the hold up?"

Dufanets lifted his head: "Who's the impatient one?"

His glance met that of Wolf Krasker.

"Oh, an old acquaintance. Get out there into the corner."

Krasker spat into Dufanets' face. The latter pulled the trigger and shot the man in the stomach, and only then did he wipe his face. He cast a glance on the bottom of the pit strewed with bodies and swelling from blood and was overjoyed to see that the people were coming by themselves.

Rukhlya Oivintal approached the edge of the pit. She distractedly looked around her repeating one and the same word:

"Beasts... Beasts... Beasts..."

"Look over there, Artem. Your dark-haired mistress is mumbling something."

Bubela shrivelled: what a nitwit! Found what to say in front of the Germans. God knows what they'll think. Nothing will ever change that Dufanets. Hurry up and shoot.

And Dufanets fired. He sometimes clearly caught the cursed looks of the dying, and then his hand seemed to weaken. He had to fire two bullets instead of one. But, to Hell with sentimentality!

"Lie with your mugs down, mugs down, you, dirty scums!"

He tried only to see the back of their heads, where the bullet entered in so smoothly, and not those eyes with their petrified hatred. It became difficult to walk on the bodies and Dufanets crawled to the edge of the pit. Sand stuck to his boots wet with the blood.

"One moment!"

Dufanets noticed that the commandant of the district gendarmerie Sitzler, who was standing a few steps away from the pit, had again cocked his sub-machine gun and was walking over to the pit. Dufanets went up to the cart where the ammunition lay, recharged his sub-machine gun and returned to his place. The police were pushing forward a pregnant woman. She had stopped trying to break out of their grasp, beating the earth and kissing the boots of the chastisers. Dried-eyed she was looking at the people and step by step was making her way to the rear of the crowd, farther away from the pit. She thought that she had a right to live because she was with child. But no-one paid any attention to this right. The woman carefully stepped on the bodies, as if fearing to cause them pain, picking out a comfortable place among them not for herself, but for the child which would soon be born. This made Dufanets laugh, and not waiting for her to lie down, he put the sub-machine gun over his left hand, and

aimed the barrel at the swelling belly of the Jewess.

Feeling an emptiness behind him, Dufanets turned around and was surprised to see only police and a group of German gendarmes standing around him. So fast? He glanced at his watch and realized that almost two hours had gone by since the naked Rabbi first crawled into the pit. But the uncovered grave still swarmed, swelled and stirred. Harbaruk was fussily running around it, spying out who was still breathing and calling Dufanets over.

In the opposite corner of the pit a woman's hand was raised and fell. Dufanets ran around the pit, went up to the spot, bent over and asked:

"What's up?"

"Dufanets... Dufanets... Pull me out of here, have pity. No, no, don't shoot... Listen. You fired once, but, as you see, I'm not dead. Such is God's will. You know that when the rope with the hanged man breaks, he is granted his life. Pull me out. The Germans won't mind. Pull me out."

"Right away, right away."

Dufanets jumped into the pit, placed the submachine-gun at the very head of the woman and pulled the trigger.

A thick, putrid silence fell over the edge of the Pisotsk locality. Only the echo of the shots and cries resounded in the ears. The clothing of the Jews was being loaded onto the carts. The Germans went back to the lake to wash up. The police took off for the village where music and wedding songs could be heard: Klim Karpomyz was celebrating his son's wedding.

And when everybody had left the scene of the killing, a motorcycle roared along the village street. Harbaruk was giving Sitzler a lift. Seeing a group of lads, he stepped on the brakes and took his foot off the pedal.

"Run off to the wedding and tell the musicians to come and play at the village council. Today is a grand holiday for the entire village, in Krimne all the Jews have been annihilated. The sixth of September 1942," screamed Harbaruk, as though out of his mind. As soon as the lads saw him they scattered in all directions.

"Do you hear? The sixth of September 1942, not one Jew in Krimne."

Sitzler did not understand Ukrainian, but the word "Jew" which Harbaruk shouted and the nape of his neck which turned red from excitement needed no explanation. Sitzler smiled satisfactorily: 'It's not for nothing that he is sitting in this hole called Zabolottya, look at the people he has found himself, see how well they serve the Fuhrer.'

Dufanets, meanwhile returned to his office and was reviewing his work. It seemed that everything was as it should be. All of a sudden the phone rang sharply and impatiently.

"Harbaruk reporting," Dufanets heard the familiar voice.

"I recognize you! What's up?"

"Trouble, Sir commandant! A fountain of blood is rising from the Jewish grave. It's terrifying. Even my boys are afraid to look at this horrible sight."

"I think I'll have to plug up the fountain with your men," Dufanets raised his voice. "Throw in some lime. Do I have to teach you what to do?"

"There wasn't enough," justified himself Harbaruk. "The pit is so big. There was never anything like it."

"There wasn't, well, there's going to be. Stop prattling! Take shovels and pack the hole down tight with earth. Why waste time?" Dufanets threw the receiver down in anger.

The next morning the dead ghetto was full of chastisers. Each of them thought that he would be the first to come and find something before some other schutzmann would grab it away before his nose. Rybachuk confidently walked up to Shengle's house. The doors were wide open, wooden bed boards covered with sacks, a chipped pot on the forepart of the oven — what a bloody miser. Angrily slamming the door, he walked out onto the beaten track to the privy. 'Now wait a minute,' said Rybachuk, 'maybe someone is hiding in there? Well, we'll soon see.' Something seemed to pull Rybachuk in that direction. On the run he rammed his shoulder against the wooden plank and the privy fell over. Rybachuk, with his heart in his throat, saw a bowed red bearded man in the hole.

"Dropped the gold in the filth?" Rybachuk choked with anger. This is where you hid the gold?

The man was tall and thick-set. He straightened his back, helplessly glanced at the familiar schutzmann and crawled out of the hole.

"March off to the lake!" Rybachuk clicked the lock. "Hurry up and wash!"

The Jew woefully glanced at the policeman, who, in disgust, squeezed his nose with one hand, and held his rifle at stomach-level with the other, and waded into the water. When the

water was knee-high, he began to wash painstakingly. Rybachuk stood on the shore with his rifle atilt. The man washed his hands and for some reason lifted them above his head as if cautioning against being shot in the water, and made his way toward the policeman.

"I didn't have any gold. Kill me if you wish, but there was no gold."

Rybachuk silently moved his rifle, ordering the man to go ahead. The Jew dragging his slippery wet boots along the sand, weakly trudged forward. When they reached the house of Godel, Rybachuk sharply lifted the rifle, pulled the trigger and, not glancing at the dead man, went to join the policemen who were searching the emptly buildings.

That day Dufanets was not among them. At dawn he set off for the neighboring village of Lyubokhyny. Harbaruk found out that a Jewish doctor had accidentally remained alive there. The schutzmanns who went along with Dufanets, pulled up the horses near the Jew's house and jumped off the cart. One stood in the yard from where he could see both the door and window, and Dufanets and another policeman went into the house.

The doctor alarmingly raised himself from the bench, pushed back his spectacles leaving prints from his sweaty palms. Trembling, he took them off and wiped them with a handkerchief.

Dufanets contemptuously glanced at the narrow wooden bed near the wall, turned over stools which stood in his way and opened the doors of closets.

"Smelted all your gold, sly one. Come on show me how much of it you have?"

The doctor remained silent, his wrinkled swollen eyes understandingly looked at Dufanets.

"Right away... right away, I'll show you everything... right away, right away."

Controlling his trembling hands, the doctor opened a metal chest, strewed some powder, white as salt, on his palm, and put it into his gap-toothed mouth. Dufanets kicked the doctor in the belly, he swayed, groaned and fell to the floor.

"Drag him outside!"

The policeman grabbed the doctor by the hair and dragged him through the doorway. The doctor opened his eyes, looked at Dufanets, and calmly, with a sigh, said:

"Now, I'm not afraid of you."

They brought the doctor to the German headquarters. Dufanets wanted to question him here, but the latter's eyes had become glassy, he fell, and convulsively brought his legs up to his chest.

Together with the policeman they set the doctor on his feet, and, in unison, smashed their fists into his face, caught him so that he would't fall and dragged him outside. There Dufanets took off the sub-machine-gun from his shoulder and shot the doctor in the wrinkled nape of the neck.

The policeman and driver dragged the dead man onto someone's garden which was opposite the headquarters, took shovels from the cart, which were always on hand, and began to dig.

Motrona Tuss ran out of the house.

"Heaven forbid, what are you doing?" she wailed, "take him to the cemetery, at least."

"We'll take you, aunty, if you keep on squealing," snarled Dufanets. "What of him, is he of our faith?"

"But he's a doctor. The dead are all equal. I have small children, they'll be afraid to go out with the dead man lying near the house."

"Get back into the house, aunty, and don't look out. That's an order!"

Motrona returned into the house, closed the door and drew the curtains... The policemen kept on digging.

Dufanets returned to Zabolottya mad as a hatter. Too bad he didn't have to go to the ghetto today. He'd show them, not like yesterday. Yesterday he was kind, granting them a light death with his machine-gun.

When he was riding along the village, he noticed a crowd of people in the square. The thick-set Sitzler was standing on a cart picking up with his stick the Jewish tatters, displaying them as is accepted at markets, and commented with satisfaction.

"Zer gut... Zer gut..."

A number of buyers were unfolding the clothing, checking it from all sides to see if there wasn't too much blood on it. They asked how much this or that item cost. Sitzler called out the price.

> "The exhumed bones at the place of mass shooting belong to not less than 386 persons. Of them 121 to women, 68 to men, 141 to children, 56 of the adult skeletons were in the state of adipocere. It was impossible to determine the sex in 18 cases. The skulls had fire-arm injuries."
>
> (from the concusion of the legal medical examination)

WELLS BECAME GRAVES

The Banderites gathered in the village of Sokil. They rounded up men with axes. A rumor had gone round the village that someone had ordered the narrow-gauge railroad running from the forest to Lyuboml to be dismantled. Maria Pogozhelets from the neighboring Polish village of Volia Ostrovetska was visiting the Patrashchuk family. Seeing the armed men, she grew alarmed, and made ready to leave.

"I'm your cousin, Ivan, if they ask."

"But actually you are my cousin," said the 22-year old village lad Ivan. "Now who is going to ask?"

"You'll see, Ivan. There's evil in the air."

Ivan saw that it was impossible to calm Maria, volunteered to see her home. At the edge of the forest they were stopped by the Banderite patrol.

"Who are you?" The man blocked their way taking the rifle off his shoulder.

"We live here. I'm the son of Ilarion Patrashchuk, and she's my cousin."

Ivan decided not to mention her surname so as not to arouse the suspicion of the Banderite.

"Where are you going?"

"Maria," Ivan nodded in her direction, "is going home, to Volia Ostrovetska."

The Banderite moved aside and Maria with a curt 'so long, Ivan' hurried along the road. The patrol cast a glance after her and ironically smiling winked at Ivan:

"Let her go... Let her go..."

When Ivan returned to the village, he saw the Banderites running from yard to yard for-

cing the villagers to harness their horses and take off to the Polish village of Volia Ostrovetska. In the morning shots could be heard beyond the forest and black smoke could be seen rising to the sky. Disturbed Ivan went off to see his grandfather Pilip. People were coming out of their homes, fearfully looking at the puffs of smoke which rose beyond the forest, covering the sky.

Soon men on horseback appeared from that direction. When they approached, Ivan recognized the bandits who came to the village yesterday. They stopped at his grandfather's house and shouted for a pail of water, soap and towel, grandad poured water over their hands which they had rubbed with sand for quite some time washing off the hard and dried film of blood. It became clear that something terrible had happened in Volia Ostrovetska.

Nazar Demchuk, a neighbor and friend of the Patrashchuks, tried talking Ivan into going to the village, but Ivan declined. Nazar went alone. He returned pale and weak. He lost consciousness. They brought him round by pouring water over him. He suddenly became strange as if someone had replaced his mind in one day.

"Ivan, what I sa — a — a — aw there!" he began, but couldn't go on because of the choking sensation and nauseousness. He drank cold water and wiped the sticky sweat off his face.

Neither Ivan nor grandad asked him any questions. But Nazar could not calm down. Something was burning his soul forcing him to talk.

"I took the forest path. Looking through the pines, I could see no village, it just wasn't there," he said after calming down a bit. "I wal-

ked out onto the very clearing, and, oh God, what did I see? Smoldering chimney tops scattered here and there in the ashes all around the village."

'Where are the people?' I asked myself. 'There are no people, neither dead or alive.' In the ditch I saw a chopped-off hand, across the road another. I got scared. My head began swimming. I ran to the well, bent the lifting lever to fill the pail. And, believe me or not..."

Nazar began weeping, his shoulders shuddering. Calming down a bit, he continued.

"Believe me or not, but I saw it with my own eyes. I looked into the well. There was not a drop of water there, it had turned to blood, and was rising up to the very top, almost running over. I ran from the village to the forest, and in the bushes saw another horrible sight: two or three hundred bodies, headless, without arms and legs, hacked in half, which lay among the shrubs. They had been brought there by the people from neighboring villages. I saw that they were digging a big deep pit to bury them.

Grandfather Pilip began praying from fear.

"What are you saying, lad, with night coming on," said grandfather Pilip, not believing a word. "This could not happen on this world. Such things take place only in Hell!"

...When the ringleader of the local nationalist group Lysiy, fulfilling the instructions of the German fascist ocupants, led his bandit *sotnyas* (companies) to Volia Ostrovetska, it was already dawning. Lysiy was in a hurry. His people at once took their places among the men they had rounded up, dividing them up so that there wouldn't be any revolt or insubordination.

"Rybachuk!" quietly ordered the ringleader. "Surround the village. Yastrub! Khmara! Chumak! Divide the people into groups."

The Banderites, taking three — four men into each group, quickly surrounding the village, took their place before each house. Bright red rockets were fired into the dawning August sky.

"Death to the Poles!" shouted Pavlo Avramuk, a tall blond Banderite, former German policeman from the village of Mokre.

On the run, with youthful confident force, he kicked the door of the house — the chain and lock clanked. Two girls jumped out of bed in the large room. They looked very much alike.

"Sisters," guessed Avramuk, and grabbing them by their braids, dragged them out into the yard. Several other Banderites, running after Avramuk, caught them by the legs, and, drowing out their cries with their roaring, carried them to the well. Avramuk freed one of the girls for a while. He twisted the hands of the other behind her back and called to a Banderite: "Come on, help me!" He pushed her head into the well. The girl feeling her hands free, spread them out trying to catch hold of the slippery concrete ring, but, the bandit lifted her by the legs and plunged her down. The still well water splashed and stifled the piercing cry of the girl.

The other Polish girl, whom Avramuk released for a moment was tossing and turning on the grass trying to free her legs which a Banderite was holding under his arms. Avramuk again, like he did with the first, quickly and skillfully plunged the girl into the well so that water splashed in his face. He tore the sub-machine

gun off his shoulder, and bending over the well, shot off two rounds.

They quickly made their way to another house. Two very old men and women already had time to dress. All of them were kneeling facing the door. One of the women, resting motionless on the knees near the very threshold, was holding an icon. Avramuk glanced at the shining axe still free of blood and, grunting as if chopping a grandled stump, struck the Polish woman over the head. The blood burst forward staining the icon and flowed about the earthen floor. It became slippery and Avramuk jumped over to a dry spot, striking with the sharp blade the three people who were standing near the bed praying. Walking out into the yard, he said to the man who was left to guard the house,

"Give me a clean axe. The handle of this one is slippery, keeps sliding out of my hand."

Sikorsky went over to another house together with Sydir Tsikun. He no longer felt any fear and uncertainty which had overtaken him all the way here. His hand was glued to the axe as if it had grown fast to the handle. Rushing out of the house, an old woman grabbed his boot and began kissing it saying,

"Don't kill innocent souls, my son, be merciful."

Her husband, an old man, but still agile, grabbed a stool. Lyakh Grysyuk, who was guarding the door, fired his rifle. Sikorsky jumped aside. The stool sailed past him hitting the stove. The blade of his carpenter's axe struck the old man on the top of the head and he crumpled down to the ground tucking up his legs. Then Sikorsky bent down to the old woman who was crawling

after him along the floor. Feeling the smell of sweat of her old body, he struck her neck slantwise. The blood gushed out all over the house as if someone was pumping it out of the fresh bodies.

In the house, which they entered after this, stood a frightened young woman in the center of the room. There was no blood here and the bandits smelt the fragrance of fresh linen and clean body. But as soon as Tsikun crossed the threshold, the woman pulled out an axe from behind her and made for him. Sikorsky rushed forward kicking her, she fell, and Tsikun was already chopping up the woman who lay on the floor.

Trokhim Shava jumped with joy as soon as he saw whose house fell to his lot. The Roman Catholic priest. He was going to disembowel the *Ksiądz* himself. Trokhim found a thick pole under the threshing barn. He lifted one end of it onto his shoulder, jumped up and pushing it a bit forward, he made a dash and rammed it against the door. The priest ran out into the entrance hall and threw himself at Trokhim. But the latter grabbed the priest's thin hand and twisted his wrist. The priest became obedient and yielding from the pain. Trokhim led him out into the yard and up to the well. Then he sharply lifted the arms of the priest which were twisted behind his back, the man screamed and bent over. Shava sharply squatted down and jerking the priest up into the air sent him flying into the well.

In the neighboring yard a lad was pleading for his life. "I'm Ukrainian," he said, "Don't kill me!"

"Cross yourself."

The lad readily put three fingers together, touched his forehead, his chest and then his left shoulder...

"Pole," shouted the bandits, "You can't fool us."

They tried to drag the lad to the well, but he quickly wriggled his way among the Banderites. He hit one of them in the stomach, the latter fell to the ground and the lad jumped to his feet. But a shot flashed in the break of dawn. The Banderites angered because the lad took away so much of their time trampled his dead body and went off.

Nearby stood a solid zinc-roofed house. They ran around it knocking at the door and shuttered windows, but nobody answered nor opened up.

The Banderites brought some straw and scattered it around the house and set fire to it. The dry straw caught fire at once. The red flames licked the wooden walls.

From the neighboring barn one older boy and a pair of twins ran out to see the fire.

"Mom, it's burning, it's burning!" they screamed, trying to outdo one another.

But their mother was not in the house. She lay in blood on the doorstep. Her fear of the Banderites forced the woman to put her children to bed in the barn, and then early in the morning she returned to the house. If the Banderites come, let them kill her, maybe the sons will be saved. Kind folks won't let them perish. The Banderites leaving the burning house for a moment ran up to the youngsters. One of them took a boy into his arms and lifted him high above his head, as a father would lift a son from happiness. The lad laughed with joy. The bandit

hurled him like a stone down into the well, ripping the glass surface of the water. The lad was followed by the second and third.

Meanwhile the house was in full flame. A scream was heard from inside. Someone wanted to escape from within and jump through the window into the yard. But the window was engulfed in flames, and those trapped inside and being burned alive shrieked with agony.

A woman jumped out of the hemp which has been left on the neighboring garden and began running to the field. Rybachuk, who was sitting in ambush, watched her ironically, letting her get nearer, then he jumped out, got down on one knee and took aim... The woman stopped in her tracks and looked with senseless eyes at Rybachuk. He, overjoyed by her abrupt stop, shot her in the chest. Behind limped her husband, he ran clumsily and hopelessly. Seeing that his wife was intercepted, he turned back, but Rybachuk quickly reloaded his rifle, and without getting up or chasing him, took aim and fired. The man seemed to trip, fell down, never to rise again.

Silence fell. The Banderites who stood in ambush, not awaiting an order, hurried to the village. They were afraid that the plunder and looting would begin without them. In front of the houses stood the loaded wagons, the horses were snorting. The chastisers were dragging out sacks from the houses, leading horses and cows out of the barns. Then they ordered fire to be set to the village and at once shots were fired at the straw-covered roofs. Straw heaps were placed around those houses covered with tin or tiles as if to protect them from the winter winds.

...Pavlo Shpak was awaken by shots. He glued

himself to the window and with anxiety looked out at the village, to that section which was burning. The red flames stirred in the transparent haze of the morning and were reflected in the windows, alarmingly leaving the shadow of the window frames on the floor.

"Wake up, children. The village is burning."

The first up was 16-year old Stepan, his son. He dashed out into the yard, squatted behind the fence and listened. From the village nearer to the forest, rattled wagons. He could hear someone urging on his horse. The father came out into the yard.

"You run away, too. I'll stay with your mother."

Pavlo Shpak's wife was expecting. Hearing the shots, and seeing that more than one house was burning now, she slid off the bed, and, eyes wide with fright, looked at her husband.

"Let, Stepan, save himself," she looked around helplessly looking for her son. "Let Stepan hide in the forest."

The lad quickly harnessed the horse and, lashing the bay with a whip, he rode out of the yard.

When he approached the bridge, shots rang out. Stepan lay down in the cart and tugged at the reins.

"Banderites," the frightened people shouted running off into the forest.

But the protective wall of the forest was close at hand. Near the birch grove Stepan turned his horse aside and with relief realized that the bullets were shattering the tree far behind him.

Waiting till noon, Stepan decided to return to the village. On the edge of the forest he stopped and his heart turned cold as ice. He could not

see his house, nor the village. There were close to 100 farmsteads in the village of Yankivtsi. Now only the wind was blowing the smoldering brands, lifting up dark clouds of sticky smoke.

Stepan rode home. Near the ashes in the singed grass lay his dead mother. Upon seeing his son, the father hugged him and in a trembling voice said:

"Just the two of us are left, son," he gasped between tears. "A bandit hit her in the stomach with his bayonet. I shouted to him 'We're Ukrainians, don't touch us!'

"He answered: 'Then why the hell are you living among the Poles. You live with them, then die with them.'

"I grabbed a pitch fork and went for him. He jumped on his horse and took off. Our mother is no more... no more... They killed our neighbor Stakh Grabovski with an axe."

The pre-autumn winds howled mournfully over the village, the blinding hot August sun looked down anxiously and German planes circled overhead examining the traces of the night tragedy. The observers who sat in the German planes must have been satisfied: everything was going as they planned.

Nationalist gangs were returning to their reserve base near Stara Guta. Rybachuk with his men stopped at the side of the road waiting for several of the gang who lagged behind. Carts passed them. Omelyan Zinyuk was driving a herd of cattle, Trokhim Shava delightedly looked back at the priest's horse tied behind the cart. Vasil Sikorsky was riding on one of the carts. He was dressed in a new coat and carefully holding onto two suitcases. Seeing Rybachuk,

he pulled on the reins and jumped off the cart.

"You should have seen that "Tsibulka," he began enrapturously telling about the "exploits" of his partner. "Took enough goods to last him a whole life time. I left him behind. He was going at an easy pace, scrubbing the blood off his boots with a piece of glass..."

August 29, 1943. The punitive detachment of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army in which P. Yu. Rybachuk served, annihilated almost 2,000 citizens of Polish descent in the villages of Volia Ostrovetska, Yankivtsi, Ostrivki, Noviy Yahodin, Petrivka and Kuty in Lyuboml district, Volyn Region.

(from a report
of the Volyn Region State Archives)

VOLYN LIDICE

On September 23, 1942 the German occupants committed in the village of Kortelisi, Volyn Region, such a horrible crime, as in the Czechoslovak village of Lidice, today known the world over. With fire and rifle butts the fascists drove close to 3,000 people to five large graves. From that time on the word Kortelisi rings an alarm in the memory of the people. It reminds them of the past, tells them to be on guard and renders a warning.

But the enemies of peace try to speculate on the mass tragedy of Kortelisi. The nationalist newspaper *America,* for instance, reported that even Metropolitan Mstislav recalled the Kortelisi tragedy, the very Mstislav who all his life blessed such criminal acts. In an article in the *New York Times* he sheds tears recalling that during

the war years "Gestapo units... burned down Ukrainian villages together with people and priests, as this was the case... in Kortelisi." Wipe away your crocodile tears, 'Holy Father!' When our villages and people were being reduced to ashes by the fascist flames, your shepherds of the soul were ringing church bells and singing hymns to Adolf Hitler.

Let's return to that 'black' as the Wednesday of September 23, 1942 was later called in the Volyn. Let's attentively read the burning facts and listen to the story of that handful of people, who by some lucky fate remained alive. You'll see that during these terrible days of nazi occupation the Ukrainian nationalists were always on the side of the fascists.

Misfortune hung over the village the very day Volyn Region was occupied. At that time the invaders were impudent and self-confident. The front rolled quickly to the East and they thought that this would last to the very end of the war, rolled up their sleeves and with a roar trampled the wheat crops with motorcycles and kept up their spirits by killing off the wounded or playing the harmonica. Meanwhile the priests of the autocephalous church were burning incense near the gates which the nationalists were hastily putting up before the nazi arrival at the village, thus demonstrating their loyalty to the fascists. But the local villagers together with the Soviet soldiers, who were making their way from Brest to the Volyn Region through the Polissya thickets after the nazis were able to break through the many-day heroic defense of the Brest fortress, organized a partisan detachment in Kortelisi. It was headed by Boris Mikhailovski,

Yakiv Karpuk, Stepan Shkovoroda. The German garrison blazed in the night and the people's avengers led the nazi chastisers to their death in the Polissya swamps.

The nazis decided to suppress the rebellious village by force. The nationalists came to their assistance. One of them, the son of the local cantor Mykola Zinyuk, informed the police against fellow villagers. The police assembled the people in the village square. They even forced a very old village woman to come here. Everybody knew this kind industrious woman. She was Motrona Danilivna, the mother of partisan Vasil Dordyuk.

"Your son a partisan?" asked the commandant.

"He isn't the only one," said the woman crying.

"Yes, he's not the only one. But your son was the first. Shoot her".

The chastisers from the so-called Ukrainian German auxiliary police, who wore the yellow-blue bands on their sleeves, began to zealously beat the old woman with their rifle butts, and when she fell, they made short work of her by firing several shots.

Miron Likhvan watched the old woman's cruel death without fright. The same awaited him and he knew it. Alongside, sheltering her two small sons, Mykola and Maxim, from the police stood Miron's wife Olexandra. Tears were helplessly streaming down her face, but she could not wipe them away, nor hug her children good-bye. Her hands, like those of her husband, like those of the two partisan go-betweens who were strangers to the local villagers, were bound with rope.

The chastisers knocked them down, put their faces to the ground. It was impossible to say anything, even your good-byes. The sub-machine guns opened fire, one of the Likhvan sons shrieked and everything grew silent.

A woman in the crowd began wailing.

"Who there is so pitiful?" angrily asked the police commandant Zinyuk.

"Yarina Kukhar, I think," recognizing the woman, said the nazi elected village elder Palivoda.

"The same fate awaits everyone." said Zinyuk, angrily looking at the frightened crowd. "Catch Likhvan's son Andrei, and you'll get a reward of 500 marks. The same goes for every partisan. 500 marks per each," said Zinyuk encouragingly winking at the people, already thinking that he had bribed them, and that in a day or so the villagers will be bringing in partisans by dozens.

Time passed and German vehicles again burst into flames on quiet forest roads, and in the rusty waters of ditches lay the bodies of those who no longer needed "living space." And then the most terrible happened. The documents, which were discovered after the war, relate in detail the elaborated nazi plan to wipe Kortelisi and a number of neighboring villages off the face of the earth. In the orders of Police Major Golling this homocide operation was called 'Triangle.' They read: "One battalion will destroy the villages of Borki, Zabolottya and Borysivka to the north-east of the Mokrany village. The Nuremberg company will destroy Kortelisi..." The gendarme companies, the motorized platoon of the 16th Regiment, several armored

car sub-units were being concentrated near the village. Together with the Hitlerites were the nationalists headed by sotnik (lieutenant) Semenyuk.

One police oberleutnant Muller with time reported how accurately he carried out the order of Golling in destroying the village: "I organized the encirclement of the village in the form of pincers, at the same time increasing the distance between posts. As a result, I was able to seize and bring to the assembly point all the villagers without exception. To our favor was the fact that the villagers did not know the aim of our plan until it was too late.

"The grave diggers' team were handed out shovels only at the place of execution, thanks to which the population did not know what awaited them. Light machine-guns were stationed unnoticed, with the aid of which we suppressed the panic when the first shots rang out from the places of execution...

"The execution began at 9 a.m. and ended at 6 p.m. It was carried out without any complications as the prepared measures were quite reliable."

This day was the most tragic in the centuries-old history of Kortelisi. Old and small, women and men were driven into the church, the door locked and guards placed. The inhabitants of Kortelisi were also locked in the village school and in buildings which stood around the square. A frightening and horrible wailing hung over the village. 'What's going to happen, how will all this end?' the alarmed people asked in dismay.

Ivan Sakharchuk, a resident of this village,

was not that night at home. He was guarding his potato patch. He had a big family and was afraid someone would dig out his potatoes leaving his children hungry in the winter. When the sun had risen he saw how the chastisers began surrounding the village. The man hurried home, but found no-one there. The door was open and the small wicket-gate creaked in the autumn wind. He went on to the center of the village, from where he could hear the sound of engines, and among this roar the sudden crack of machine-gun fire. Sakharchuk hid behind a fence in an orchard and saw people being driven to big freshly dug pits and shot.

The teams of soldiers and policemen were changed several times in order to give their guns time to cool off, but the end of this everyday work of the fascists was nowhere in sight. In order to speed things up an execution place was created near the church. Here they killed off the weak old men and invalids. Sixty-year old Marta Silyk, who had feeble legs was brought here on a cart. On it they also threw the old Ustina Chubiyikha, and near the pit which was already full of bodies, they overturned the cart. The gendarmes with a business-like air walked around, shooting at any spot where shrieks could be heard or where somebody moved.

A worker of the local state farm, Stepan Yakovich Kukhar, who at that time was a small boy, also remembers the details of that day. His parents began digging potatoes in the early morning, and he with his smaller brother Ivan were left in the care of their grandmother. They were seized and taken to the house of policeman

Fedociy Kornelyuk. Soon the chastisers appeared and took them to the pit. People in it were moaning and crying, still breathing and wriggling.

Stepan looked around and saw that the lame German was fiddling with his sub-machine gun, something has stuck... The lad began to run. They shot at him, but missed. He ran to the spot where the German horses and wagon were standing, and from there... to the reeds, through the water and swamp, to the forest. There he met his father, mother and sister Varvara. For two weeks they lived in the forest. When on the second day the chastisers began setting fire to the farthest farmsteads, the lad climbed high up a pine tree to see if Kortelisi was burning. But he could not see anything through the thick smoke.

Two days later, on September 25, 1942, after the villagers' livestock had been shipped off to Germany, and the policemen killed off everybody who still stirred in the pit or had hidden in the barn or cellar, a special team of torch-bearers arrived at the village. The autumn of that year was long and dry, and rain fell only in the evening. It seemed that fate was asking forgiveness for its cruelty and crying over the dead. But these were stingy tears and the well-spread out village burned long and with continuous crackling. On the fourth day people from neighboring farmsteads who had hidden in the boggy bush still saw the red sky over Kortelisi at night.

In postwar years people have returned to Kortelisi. There are now close to 2,000 of them living here. The village population has not yet

reached its prewar level. Among them there is a dozen of those who lived here before the war. Only those remained alive who on that terrible 'black Wednesday' 1942 were not in the village, or who, by some lucky chance, were able to save themselves.

Matviy Likhvan is one of them. At that time he was a teenager. When the fascists burst into their home to take away his mother, three sisters and a brother, the lad slipped into the entrance hall and hid in the attic. Later he got out of the village and found shelter in the partisan detachment. He served in the Red Army and in the battles to liberate Poland he was wounded.

After the war he returned home, actually to the spot where his father's house once stood, there where he had spent his childhood. It was heartbreaking for a former soldier to see the dead and razed village, and he thought a lot of how to start his life here. Several days later Matviy Likhvan met his partisan comrade-in-arms Vasil Dordyuk, the man whose mother was the first to be shot by the fascists.

"We'll build a house on the very spot," said Vasil Dordyuk. "Here lie the remains of my near and dear ones, and here I'm going to live." Soon a temporary settlement was built here. In 1946 there were already 20 buildings in Kortelisi, and five years later in 1950, there were about 200.

Former soldier Matviy Likhvan was one of the organizers of the colective farm, chairman of the Village Soviet, team leader of a plowman's brigade. Years passed quickly. He has five sons. One is an officer, another — a machine

operator, the third — a worker and two are students.

What is Kortelisi like today after living through that horrible tragedy, how do the people live there?

At present Kortelisi is one of the most advanced state farms in Volyn Region, a completely mechanized enterprise. Its stock of machinery includes 168 electric motors, 35 tractors, 26 trucks, 18 different harvesters and passenger transport. The state farm specializes in cattle breeding.

Kortelisi is not what it used to be.

During the 50th anniversary celebration of the Great October Socialist Revolution, the Ukrainian SSR Council of Ministers adopted a special resolution on the general reconstruction of Kortelisi. The state is greatly concerned with the living conditions of the descendents of the courageous inhabitants of Polissya who did not yield to the nazi invaders. A large house of culture, a kindergarten for 90 youngsters, a village hospital, and a shopping center with a dining hall were built in the village by the state.

There is also a bath house, consumer service establishments, a new administrative building which houses the Village Soviet, the management board of the state farm, as well as a post office and telegraph in Kortelisi. A lot of housing is being built for the state farm workers, agricultural specialists, teachers and medical doctors who upon graduation come here to work. The village is fully electrified, the new multistoried buildings have hot and cold running water, sewage, central heating, radios and telephones.

The pride of the villagers is the local secondary school with its teaching staff of 30 and student body of over 350. The school has a boarding house which can accommodate 80 persons. The school can boast of many of its graduates, those who have become teachers, officers, engineers and machine-operators.

A museum of regional study has been opened in the village. Its expositions tell about the two destinies of the village. Many visitors come here and in the guest book they put down their impressions and what they have experienced being here.

Many of the visitors, especially the youth, ask whether those who destroyed Kortelisi have been brought to trial. What can be said in this connection? After the tragedy which swept the village off the face of the earth, naturally, the partisans gave no quarter to the enemy: every night German garrisons from Brest to Kovel would go up in flames and trains were derailed. Of course, the partisans killed many of those who destroyed Kortelisi. If not in Volyn Region, then near Warsaw or somewhere in the Zeelov Heights...

But some of the chastisers escaped just retribution. For instance, former police commandant Mykola Zinyuk and German elder Andriyan Palivoda found shelter in Philadelphia, the USA. But the people have never forgotten their crimes and they will never be forgiven.

Varvara Zaiko lived through a horrible fate at the village neighboring the razed Kortelisi, where the police killed everybody who had attended a not-so-happy wedding party of those war years. Here's what she recalls:

"'When the Germans surrounded the house with wedding guests, we all ran inside. The police entered. I recognized Zinyuk and the freckled policeman Yakim Kornelyuk. They shot at us from all sides: from the windows, doors and even through the walls...

"I was hit in the arm, blood began gushing out, I fell on someone, then people began falling on me..."

And here's what Petro Dordyuk who worked in Kortelisi as a militiaman, had to say about the Ukrainian nationalist chastisers:

"Those who remained alive in Kortelisi ran ten kilometers to the roads along which the fascists were fleeing. They wanted to set their hearts at ease. Fleeing with them were their henchmen, those who were the most guilty before our people and our native land.

Zinyuk took along his whole family. Andriyan Palivoda left his wife and children and fled with Zhenya Zinyukova, Zinyuk's sister, one of the biggest prostitutes ever known here. They plundered a lot of goods and are probably still living off the blood of Kortelisi.

Thus, witnesses evaluate the Kortelisi tragedy differently than Metropolitan Mstislav does. His hypocrisy and belated tears are assessed as mockery at the victims. The memory of Kortelisi lives on in the everlasting memory of the people. The opening in the village of a memorial complex to the victims of fascism on May 5, 1980 has eternalized this memory. Volodimir Shcherbitsky, member of the Politburo of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Ukraine, at the

ceremonies which took place on the occasion said:

"The fascist unit which destroyed Kortelisi bore the name of "Nuremberg." What a gloomy and significant symbolism! "Nuremberg" — a punitive company and a city where Hitlerite ringleaders found their ignominious end. This should serve as a lesson for those who not so long ago tried to establish, with fire and sword, their "new order" on the land of long-suffering Vietnam, who reduced to ashes a peaceful village of Songmi there which had the same tragic fate as our village of Kortelisi and Khatin, for those who put a knife and poison into the hands of hired bandits perpetrating crimes in Afghanistan... for those who resort to threats and provocations."

These words were met with stormy applause by the multi-thousand human sea at the meeting. Such is always the reaction of Soviet people when fascism and war are being condemned.

INTERVIEW WITH AMERICAN ADVOCATES

Your visit to Volyn Region is coming to an end. You have heard the narrations of many people and asked them questions. What are your thoughts and feelings after learning about the crimes committed by the fascists during the last war?

Answering these questions is Kathleen Ora Colemen, advocate of the Special Investigation Office (Criminal Department) of the USA Ministry of Justice.

"These crimes are horrible. They are crimes of universal scope..."

Miss Colemen looks openly and confidently with her young eyes, eyes that never saw what was seen by the eye-witnesses, by those who experienced all these horrors, and related what really had taken place.

The American advocates visited Volyn Region in the case of Serghiy Kovalchuk who during the years of nazi occupation was deputy police commandant in the Volyn town of Lyuboml. Today he lives in Philadelphia on 67 Avenue. For many years Kovalchuk lived in the USA snug as a bug in the rug, hoping that decades of the post-war years concealed everything he had done in the Volyn. But the people did not forget his crimes, did not forgive him. When the press published materials revealing who this gentleman hiding in the USA really was, a wave of anger rose among the inhabitants of those villages where Kovalchuk had once committed his bloody crimes.

"How long is the murderer going to be unpunished? Hand him over to the court, return him to those places where he is known as an executioner and hangman!" Such were the demands put forward at a mass meeting of residents in the Volyn villages of Hushcha, of Zabuzhya, Hrabovo, and Svityazki Smolyary. They were joined by people in other populated areas. Collective letters and appeals were sent to the US Embassy in Moscow. These were signed by over 1,500 persons in Lyuboml District alone.

The editorial office of the Lutsk newspaper *Radyanska Volyn* received copies of these letters sent to the US Embassy by Volyn residents.

"...From the newspaper I learned that Kovalchuk lives in your country," wrote Lyuboml resident David Nemets in his letter to the US ambassador. "I am very much disturbed because my sister and my relatives were shot in Lyuboml by the butcher Kovalchuk. I am a war veteran, and so that war never again be repeated, I request that you ask your government to hand over the criminal to the Soviet court of justice..."

Mykola Shymchuk, a miner from the town of Novovolynsk, also wrote a letter to the US Embassy: "The criminal S. Kovalchuk now lives in Philadelphia passing himself off as a gentleman. This is disgusting. My father and mother were killed by this nationalist traitor before my eyes. I was also shot at, but by lucky chance I was spared by death..."

These protests made their way into the American press. *The New York Times,* for instance, in September 1976 wrote that Serghiy Kovalchuk, born in the Ukraine, together with his brother Mykola have been accused of taking part in the shooting of Jews in Lyuboml and that the immigration office is ready within 60 days to take actions on denaturalizing and deporting Kovalchuk. But, as it turned out, the newspaper overestimated the force and influence of the office. Nothing changed in five years.

Finally, American advocates visited the Ukraine. They recorded the narrations of the witnesses on a video tape recorder, showed the witnesses photographs — 'which one is Serghiy Kovalchuk?'

Over and over they asked the witnesses whether they know this gentleman from Philadelphia personally, what he looked like then,

how he was dressed. Almost forty years have passed but the witnesses recognized him. Their memory retains the truth about everything that people cannot forget, that which should never again be repeated anywhere in the world.

Petro Kotovich, a pensioner:

"I know Kovalchuk very well, went to school together. When the war began, and the Germans captured Lyuboml, Kovalchuk became a schutzmann. We organized an underground group. We distributed leaflets against the Germans and Ukrainian nationalists, and posted them up around the town. I evaded meeting with Kovalchuk, hid wherever I could. I knew that he was after me as I was a militiaman under Soviet power. But one time I was careless.

This was in September 1942. I was walking along Vokzalna Street and met Kovalchuk with two policemen. It was too late to run away. He ran up to me, hit me in the face and shouted: 'Follow me! You're under arrest!'

"For what?" I asked.

"You'll find out at headquarters."

I was taken to Kovalchuk's office, handcuffed and a rifle was tied to my knees. They began kicking me. Then I saw that someone had brought in a kettle of water. I licked my parched lips. I thought that they wanted to rest up a bit, and would give me a glass of water.

"We'll give you a drink of water, but in a different way," said the policeman with a grin.

They took a rubber hose, stuffed it up into my nose and began pouring water into it. They poured water for a long time. I began feeling that I couldn't take anymore. My chest began to expand, and it seemed that it would burst, but

the policeman returned with another full kettle...

When I came to, I was lying on the floor. It was hard to breathe. I felt like a barrel full of water.

"Take him out of my sight!" shouted Kovalchuk. The chastisers dragged me half-dead to the corridor. Then the Gestapo men arrived. I was kept in jail for six months in Lyuboml and then sent to the concentration camp in Maidanek and then to Oświęcim. Here the Red Army saved me from death.

The American advocates were interested in the following: since the witness Kotovich was in the fascist concentration camp, could he show them the registration number which, as a rule, was tattooed on everyone who fell into the hands of nazis.

"Yes, I can," answers Petro Kotovich, rolling up his left sleeve, and the American advocates saw camp number 183 066, another echo of the tragedy so little known to them...

"I got this in Oświęcim," clarifies Kotovich, "With the help of a hangman who then lived in Lyuboml. It was Kovalchuk who sent me there, and it was with his blessing that I was locked up in the concentration camp."

Yakim Yarmolyuk, who lives in the village of Zghorani, Lyuboml District, also remembers this Philadelphian named Kovalchuk.

"I know him, this cursed hangman, and I can see him now standing before my very eyes: average height, his black hair combed back, dressed in a green uniform, in riding-breeches and high boots. My father and I were arrested in May 1942 for hiding four Soviet prisoners of war who had escaped from the camp. At the police

headquarters they shoved me on a bench, tied my feet with a belt and began to beat me. Kovalchuk sat on my head.

"Where are the Soviet prisoners of war," he shrieked. "Answer, or I'll choke you!"

"I don't know!"

"Get up."

I tried getting up but someone of them struck me on the head and I fainted. When I came to, I felt as though I was lying in water. 'They're pouring water over me,' I thought. That means that they want to find out where the prisoners are hiding. They're going to beat me again. I braced myself. I was beaten many times during my nine months in jail. Kovalchuk daily checked the cells, jingling the keys as he went along. He especially watched the cell which contained my father and Petro or Fedor, I forgot his first name, Mokhnyuk, who had been the chairman of the district executive committee in Lyuboml till 1940. One night they took Mokhnyuk out of the cell and shot him. Then they turned out all the Jews into the prison yard, they drove them to the village of Borki where they were shot. This continued for week. They would take from 100 to 200 persons. During this, the Germans for some reason put on light overcoats. And Serghiy Kovalchuk was always with them.

In 1941 the fascists organized a ghetto in Lyuboml. This was a block where Soviet people of Jewish origin lived. They drove Jews here from other villages of the district. The Jews lived there several families to one house, in sheds, hen-houses and barracks. The ghetto was guarded by the Ukrainian nationalist police which escorted the Jews to and from work to buildings

with a yellow sign on the doors. The yellow sign was also sewn on the front and backs of all the inhabitants of the ghetto. This continued till the Autumn of 1942..."

Olexander Voloshkevich continues:

"It was around 4 a.m. I was awaken by shooting. 'What does all this mean?' I thought and stole out into the yard. Cries could be heard from the ghetto. I recognized the voice of policeman Rohovsky and guessed that the Jews were being driven out of the buildings. It began dawning. I went downtown and saw some 2,000 persons in the square. The crowd was crying, screaming and groaning. It was impossible to look at all this calmly. I recognized my neighbors whom I used to go to school with. They looked at me with tear-filled eyes. What could I do, how was I to help them? The chastisers had encircled them. In the center of the park stood Kovalchuk with the chief of police Prikazyuk and the German gendarmerie chief.

After the Jews were driven out of the town I saw Kovalchuk walking back with my Jewish neighbor. He removed the tile from the stove and showed him where the gold was hidden. 'What do you think, Olexander,' he addressed me, 'will they let me go after this?' 'Probably not,' I answered. 'Did they let your father free? The same awaits you, too.' So it came to be. Twenty-five men were left in Lyuboml while they were building a country home in Horodno for the Gebietskomissar. Then they killed these too. The policeman Rohovsky, killed an old mowan on Holmski Street. They drove her out of the ghetto, but she could hardly walk and he shot her in the head.

Demyan Fedchuk arrived from the Kuban region specially to meet with the advocates. Answering the question of one of the staff members of the USA Ministry of Justice pertaining to the correct name of the police which assisted the German fascists during the war, Demyan Fedchuk said:

"It was called the police of the Ukrainian nationalists. The Germans were very satisfied with it. Kovalchuk was their personal assistant. It was he who issued the orders of the police: 'If a Jew takes one step outside the boundaries of the ghetto, shoot him without warning.' And he carried out this order. The Lyuboml ghetto then occupied almost two square kilometers between two streets. There was no fence around it, the boundary line was conditional. They killed anyone they saw fit... especially those who tried to get something to eat.

"And when they drove the Jews to the place of mass execution, they placed a man from the German gendarmerie or security service per ten nationalist policemen. Kovalchuk kept on shouting: 'Stay closer together, the partisans may come out of ambush.' Near the brick factory there was a big pit already dug out. They began shooting. People were placed on top of each other. I then realized that Kovalchuk did not spare anyone. I recalled that one naive Jew had boasted: 'We'll buy off death. We'll bribe Kovalchuk. We are collecting valuables.' Their bribe fell through..."

Harasym Kotsura remembers well that Autumn day of 1942 when the ghetto was annihilated in Lyuboml. He was an eye-witness of those events.

"Serghiy Kovalchuk and the district police chief Prikazyuk kept on reminding the convoy: 'If they try to run, shoot!' Under the fear of bullets they led the unfortunate to two big pits. They were 20 to 25 meters in length and 3 meters wide. Kovalchuk commanded: 'Begin!' He came up to the frightened crowd and, beating the people with a whip, forced them to undress. Five to six persons entered the pit at one time. Families stuck together. The Germans did the shooting. They placed the people face down and shot them. Kovalchuk also went down into the pit, his boots sliding on the bodies covered with blood..."

Olexander Trokhimovich, a construction worker from Lyuboml, saw all this with his own eyes. He was 15 at the time. The events of those days are deeply imprinted in his memory.

"Kovalchuk arrested my father. Three Germans came to our house and turned everything up-side-down. What they were looking for, I do not know. But it was Kovalchuk who brought them here. He stood in the yard, watching that we don't run away. I wanted to run out and intercede saying that I went to school with his sister Raya. But even though I was quite young, I realized that nothing would come of my begging. Nothing could move this man. My father was shot on July 12, 1943.

"We teenagers with some kind of heedless interest, as I see it now, used to run out and see the Jews being driven from the ghetto. In October 1942 all the Jews were annihilated. Prior to this, they were taken out in small groups, from 25 to 30 persons, some dozen times. Sometimes the Germans would take up to 300. Every such

group was escorted by Kovalchuk to the place of execution. He always walked around with a whip and whipped the people like an angry herdsman his cattle. The whip was nothing. They primarily shot the sick and people unable to work. The old men fell along the way and Kovalchuk finished them off right here.

"I also remember how a woman was executed near the Polish Roman Catholic church. Who she was, I do not know. There were two Germans and three Ukrainian policemen. From two posts they made a gallow, brought a table and placed a stool on top. They forced the woman on it, one of the policemen threw a rope around her neck. Kovalchuk, whom everybody in Lyuboml knew by sight, kicked the stool from under her. For several days the woman cast fear on everyone with her dead eyes. The police for a long time did not give permission to bury her.

"It's a pity that the American advocates didn't get to talk to Boris Trakhtenberg. He is no longer alive. The tragic fate of his family burned his heart with an unforgettable sorrow. I met with him many times and wrote down his sad story and now repeat it with in-detail accuracy. I would very much like this account to be placed on the scales of justice which is being demanded by the victims of the sadist and hangman Kovalchuk, to bring him to the bar.

"I made the acquaintance of this butcher back in November 1941. This was a terrible man. He arrested us only because we were Jews. He beat us with a club. He broke the ribs of my sister's husband Mikhailo Munik during the beating. But somehow death passed us by. Later we were driven to the brick factory to dig pits. People

looked at one another with fear. What is this all about? 'We need sand and clay for the brick factory,' said the police setting our minds at ease. But I guessed why and for whom they needed these pits.

"And that horrible day arrived. I remember it well — the 1st of October 1942. The ghetto was lighted up by rockets, rifle butts banged on the doors. We jumped out of bed and began to dash around the house. 'Our death has come,' I told my wife Basya. Let's bid our farewells.' The police were driving the people out onto the street. As soon as the rocket went out I rounded the corner of the house unnoticed, and crawled into a hole and hid there. I sat there through that black day and then made my way to the partisans. My family lies there in that grave, there among three or four thousand others. There lies Basya and two of our small children, my sister Lyuba, my wife's sister Sophia Lenchinska with three children of school age, her husband Abram Lenchinski. There lie my wife's brothers Elik and Motel Shtodler, Mikhailo Munik, whose ribs Kovalchuk broke in the first autumn of the war. He lies in the pit together with his son Noem.

When they were being driven to the grave, Kovalchuk let his gun loose. At the crossroad of Kusnishchenska and Borkivska streets he shot two old men who could no longer walk. Near the pit he ordered that everybody give up their valuables. Those who did not obey orders were set on by German shepherd dogs. Kovalchuk drove the people to the pit and personally shot them. During the execution he enviously glanced at the Germans who had heedfully put on yellow

aprons so as not to have their clothing splashed with Jewish blood...

Such were the facts related to the American advocates in Volyn Region. Truly, as Kathleen Colemen noted, those were 'crimes of universal scope.' Then why do Serghiy Kovalchuk and his brother Mykola feel themselves so well in the USA? And they are not the only ones. Former mayor of the town of Horokhove Andriy Veremchuk, bandit from the nationalist detachment Olexander Adamovich and many other knights of the knife and axe among them. According to the official list of the Immigration Office, 144 war criminals have found reliable shelter in the United States, participants of mass executions and beastly reprisals. What laws, what declarations on "human rights" can explain these facts?

Without enthusiasm my questions are answered by the American advocates. They say that they do not know of such facts.

But such facts do exist. One of them is the case of Serghiy Kovalchuk who continues to sell in the United States the gold he plundered from the Jews. His place is behind the bars and not among gentlemen. This is required in the name of justice so that the tragedy of the past should never be repeated in any country.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE TRUTH

Up till just recently I had no idea that there existed in Chicago a Ukrainian nationalist newspaper, *Ukrainske Zhittya* (Ukrainian Life). To me, like to any honest human being, the newspaper was and remains to be 'of no need'

as was stated by one of the heroes of Ukrainian playwright Karpenko-Kariy. And only the captiousness with which the newspaper treated my article *Hypocritical Truth Champions,* published by *Literaturna Ukraina* (Literary Ukraine) forced me to leaf through the pages of this publication.

When I read the review of my article, I had a feeling that I had already come up against the style of writing unusual for Ukrainians, a style in which everything was twisted intentionally and the language was far from the spoken one. I recalled my native village near Kovel, the first post-war autumn and the late beginning of the school year, as the school building was not the first to be constructed in the razed village. Some ten days later, a leaflet appeared on the door of the school. It was printed on a yellowish piece of paper, probably German. The nationalists wrote an appeal to us schoolchildren.

I remember that we couldn't quite understand what was required of us as the leaflet was written in a semi-strange language, not the one our mothers spoke, and the one which we loved and with pleasure studied at school. Today I realized from where stem these archaic elements in our native tongue, a branch chopped off from the tree draws no juice from the earth.

But there is no need to characterize the pitiable language style of my Chicago reviewer. He is probably one of those who, contrary to Shevchenko's behests, has forgotten his own and not mastered a foreign language. But I will dwell on the essense of his printed slander in which fear of the truth shields the argumentation and the misrepresentations and fabrications

replace elements of logics. The author confirms that the article *Hypocritical Truth Champions* in *Literaturna Ukraina* "was neither written by a writer nor a journalist" and that there does not exist such an author, but a "specialist in designing human opinion" who writes under a pen name.

It has never been my desire to make the acquaintance of the publishers nor the editors of *Ukrainske Zhittya.* But their calling me a "specialist" who writes under a pen name once again testifies to that fact that these "journalists" from foreign Ukrainian newspapers are not only slanderers and hopeless men of letters, but worthless readers.

But, I have been acquainted with those who go in for political provocations for quite some time. I know them, so to say, by their style of writing. I see you as one of those who hung up threatening leaflets on the door of schools, and who one night tortured to death our old Russian literature teacher Andronik Mladentsev and his wife, the first nurse in our village. And, finally, you remind me of Petlyura colonel Ivan Huba who, fleeing from the Revolution, put on a holy robe and found shelter first in Polish occupied and then German occupied Volyn Region.

I recall how he, hearing the approaching thunder of the Soviet troops which were driving the fascists to the West, took leave of the parishioners in the villages around Kovel. Together with the sexton he drove the sled from house to house collecting himself a bag of food for the road. He entered our house. At first he seized from the table a slice of pork-fat which we had borrowed from the neighbors, then he took out his asper-

gillum and began to sprinkle the corners of the room. Then he turned to me.

"Well, lad, let's hear you recite some verse."

I remembered a verse about parachutists. I read it in a reader published for the illiterate before the war after the establishment of Soviet power in Western Ukraine. The priest seemed to be petrified as if a wasp had flown under his robe.

"Who taught him such trash?" he fell upon my mother.

"He read it in a book at school."

"I'll show you what books to read. Recite *My Testament!* *"

...When I die, let me be buried..." I began correcting my "mistake."

But Huba wasn't going to listen even to Shevchenko, and, boiling with anger, he rushed out of the house. Ten years later after the war I came to visit the village from Lvov where I studied at the university. During my vacation I worked in the collective farm. Once I related this episode to a group of workmen during one of our breaks.

"Now he lives somewhere in America. Often appears on radio," they say.

And they were right. The fascist accomplice Ivan Huba, alias Bishop Umansky, has long been trying to slander the Ukrainian people. It was he whom I so angered by reciting that verse about Soviet parachutists. But that which he tried to sow among the believers of Volyn Region did not take shoots. Dead seeds, as is known, do not take root.

---

* A poem by T. Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet.

You, sirs from *Ukrainske Zhittya,* also don't have the tiniest hope for reaping in a harvest. You so zealously defended the criminal and anti-Semite Kovalchuk, about whom I wrote in *Literaturna Ukraina.* Anti-Semitism was your morning and evening prayer, and there were as many Kovalchuks butchers as there were volunteers in the Ukrainian nationalist organization. "I stand for the annihilation of the Jews and expedient introduction in the Ukraine of the German method of exterminating the Jews." You don't know by whom these words were spoken? Then ask "Prime Minister" Yaroslav Stetsko. He can tell you where and when he proclaimed this postulate. Has Stetsko, too, rejected this postulate today? He has if it is no longer advantageous to him.

Ukrainske Zhittya is playing the role of the offended, and ascribes to me and *Literaturna Ukraina* speculation on "Jewish sounding" names.

"The publishers of *Literaturna Ukraina,"* writes this newspaper, "know that nobody in the West will respond to the Slav names of the "tortured and shot. Their blood today is evaluated much cheaper than the Semite."

We have never been interested in what type of blood someone has — "Slavic" or "Semite." It is you nationalists that have made blood your trade. Even the Directives of the *Central Provod* of the OUN reads: "It is not necessary to fear that people will curse us for our cruelty. Even if out of the 40,000,000 Ukrainians, only half are left, there is nothing frightening in this. Do not forget the words of Stepan Bandera: "Our power should be cruel."

Ukrainian nationalists, as is known, searched for any pretext to shed blood, not their own, but of those who only yesterday fed them. They, for instance, wanted ever so much that there be Ukrainian legions fighting on the side of the Americans and their puppets in the Vietnam war. They tried to help the Sinai Lion Moshe Dayan, by supplying Ukrainian cannon fodder during the war in the Middle East. It's no matter that nothing came of their efforts. Not one person of their community wanted to die for foreign interests, and they themselves were not so eager to kick against the pricks. They want to use others to pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

The public defense in the *Literaturna Ukraina* of the memory of the Jewish population that perished at the hands of the OUNites, was called by the newspaper *Ukrainske Zhittya* an "international boorishness," while it philosophized on so-called "Ukrainian" and "Russian" anti-Semitism. But such anti-Semitism does not exist. Anti-Semitism had always been nationalistic.

In striving to place a halo above the head of Kovalchuk, the butcher of Jews in Lyuboml, Volyn Region, a man who has found shelter in Philadelphia, the newspaper *Ukrainske Zhittya* complains that "Ukrainians can be accused because no-one will stand up in their defense..."

Ukrainians have never been accused by anyone. On the contrary, the Ukrainian people are accusing the traitors. And if you speak of defense, then as long as the world exists the Ukrainians will remember how the great Soviet family of nations came to the defense of the Ukrainian lands which were seized by Hitler. As you see,

the Ukrainian lands were also liberated from those who went to serve the fascists.

I was not the only one who angered the author of the nationalist newspaper in Chicago by writing an article in *Literaturna Ukraina.* He also attacks the *Washington Post* because it published an article telling how during the war Jews were shot in Babiy Yar in Kiev not only by Germans but also by Ukrainian nationalists.

This anonimous author accuses *Literaturna Ukraina* and me of an alliance "with the American capital city press" in order to "provoke in the Jews a Ukrainian resentment and start a struggle among these two nations."

Your efforts are all in vain! People of these two nationalities, like all the Soviet nations, will never strife among themselves, nor will there ever be any misunderstandings among them. More than once I had to write how during the Revolution and Civil War Ukrainian Grigoriy Grigorenko and Jew Samiylo Harb became sworn brothers fighting in the communist underground in Volyn Region. And later when the Volyn fell under the power of landlord Poland, Ukrainians Leonid Kukhta, Grigoriy Michik and Jews Shaya Kibrik and Raissa Verba side by side fought for Soviet power in the ranks of the Communist Party of Western Ukraine and the Western Ukrainian Komsomol Organization.

For the Jewish population the last war was not only a time of great sufferings and mass misery, but also a time of active resistance. There are many examples of this. Representatives of 38 nationalities, including Jews, fought in the partisan detachment of Olexiy Fedorov, twice Hero of the Soviet Union, which operated

in the Volyn. During the liberation of the Volyn Region, Grigoriy Weinbrand, a Jew, Valentina Byvalina, a Ukrainian, and many other patriots who defended their socialist Homeland regardless of their nationality, displayed courage and bravery, fighting in the ranks of people's avengers commanded by Serghei Malikov, a Russian.

Such was the case not only during the alarming turning points in our common history, such is the case today. There are people of Jewish origin among the prominent people of Volyn Region at present. The newspaper *Radyanska Volyn,* for instance, has many times written about Freda Uzvyakova from Kovel. Also famous in the region is Leonid Hittik, a professor of medicine, Yukhim Yudovich, deputy chief engineer of the automobile plant, Yakov Sahalchik, one of the best specialists at the Volyn Regional Hospital. All of them are members, equal in rights, of the great friendly family of Soviet peoples.

The majority of the former residents of Volyn, who for one or another reason found themselves overseas, recall with fondness their Volyn land and its people. Among them are many Jews who were saved from death by Volyn patriots.

As a journalist, I had a pleasure to write in the newspaper how partisans and underground militants rescued some 200 Jews from a ghetto in the village of Lyubeshov. And they at once joined the partisan detachment.

Such is the truth about relations between Ukrainians and Jews. Now, what can you nationalists tell us about this. If you sometime would care to confess sincerely, you would have been forced to admit how much innocent human blood

lies on your black conscience, including that of the Jewish population. But you would rather forget all about this, so that people in the United States and Canada would think you to be formed enemies of fascism and today's champions for human rights and freedoms. But all that you have done during your shameful history has forever and before the entire world branded you as misanthropes and killers.

Here is another fact.

After the war Dmitro Sachkovski, former police commandant in the town of Kolki, Volyn Region, found shelter in Winnipeg, Canada. The fascists greatly evaluated his sadist skills and commissioned him personally to annihilate the Jewish population. For Sachkovski this was the greatest of joys and satisfaction. One summer day in 1941 he sounded the alarm and with his police band organized a round-up in the town. Having driven several dozen people, women, old men and children to the meadow, he commanded:

"Down on your knees!"

The people fearing something horrible to come began to sink to the ground.

"And now graze, chew the grass," shouted the police commandant and struck everyone in a row with his ramrod.

The children began to cry, the women and old men were asking for pity. But the commandant was just getting into his role.

"You've had your feed, Jewish cattle," shouted Sachkovski in glee. "Now off you go to the river to drink."

They drove them into the Styr-river, water up to their necks and a hail of blows from above.

The people, exhausted by all this, began falling into the river.

"Serves you right!" smiled the commandant with satisfaction, overjoyed that he could at least make some fun of human misery. Then everybody was forced out of the water and driven on. Bentsion Stanker was 80 years old and from the horrible torture lost his last strength and could not walk. Sachkovski fired a shot. The old man fell, grasped his chest and began writhing in the sandy road.

"End my misery," he asked weakly.

"Want an easy death, Jew!" sneered Sachkovski. By evening you'll die anyway."

The people in the neighboring villages remember even today how this fascist hanger-on killed a boy from the Jewish family Kalman, who hid from the bandits in the chimney. He kissed the boots of Sachkovski, and asked him to hire him as a herdsman, but not to kill him. The killer was inexorable. Hearing the cries of the child, a woman ran out of the house and began to plead for him. Sachkovski killed her too.

So as you see, another Kovalchuk has escaped overseas from national punishment. And Sachkovski is not the only one to have found shelter in Canada. Hiding in Canada is Josef Artishchuk, who with promises to "grant" life swindled gold from rich Jews and then, receiving the bribe, shot them in the nape of the neck with his pistol. Such cruel murderers found shelter in several other countries: Ivan Smishik in Paraguay and Andriy Pestrak in England.

All of them, having become a practised hand at executing civilians, went to other butchery. In the summer of 1943, upon orders of Hitlerite

agents Melnik and Bandera, they were organized into nationalist bands. They hung, shot and butchered people who did not recognize their authority nor their ideology.

This is known by the people, they will never forget this and never forgive, regardless of the fact that the nationalist politicians try to conceal the truth about their former crimes. But their efforts are in vain. In such cases they say in the Ukraine that the Devil remains devil even though he tries to sell crosses.

SONG ABOUT A DISMEMBERED HEART

The truth about this terrible crime came to light only many years after the war when the old wells were dug up, when they disclosed their frightful secrets. The mother of Motrona Panasyuk, Yevdokiya Pilipivna, her brother and sisters live in Lutsk. They have preserved dear relics, the Order of the Great Patriotic War, 1st class, which was conferred on the Komsomol member posthumously, and her pre-war photographs. I visited this family, listened to the sad reminiscences of the mother and Motrona's sisters. The mother's grief, her undried tears, her unfading memory and pain, undulled by the years, for her irretrievable loss evoked in my imagination an ardent character of the Volyn Komsomol member.

...When the cavalry units of Budyonniy were marching through Volyn Region during the Civil War, her father Sava Panasyuk joined them. He took part in many battles and fought

for the establishment of Soviet power. But a sad fate befell the working people of the western Ukrainian lands that were occupied by bourgeois Poland. And the former cavalryman was forced to work his two poor hectares of land, feed five children, the oldest of whom was Motrona.

The eldest of the children of large families had it the hardest. Early in life they took upon their shoulders the burden of being hired help to rich landlords. Life had nothing else to offer Motrona. She had to leave school, although she was quite a brilliant pupil. She hired herself out to the richer villagers at harvesting time, she was a good house-keeper, and knew how to look after livestock.

So passed her young years, without joy or a ray of hope. But her teens were especially happy. It seemed that her fate wanted to return everything that was lost in childhood. Motrona's 18th year fell on the unforgettable year of 1939 when Soviet power came to Volyn Region.

"Those years today remind us of a far-off and wonderful dream," said Nadiya Savivna, her younger sister. "Motrona became a Komsomol member, deputy chairman of the Village Soviet, wrote articles for the paper. And following in her footsteps I began to live a new life. A collective farm was organized in the village and a school was opened."

"Motrona at that time was extremely happy," added the mother. "She'd run in for a moment, hug all of us, and run off again to work, leaving us with an extremely warm feeling."

But those happy days passed like a short and joyous moment. One Sunday morning the sisters saw heavy planes with crosses marked on their

wings flying low over the village. Soon they learned that the war had begun, the Germans had attacked the Soviet Union. When it became evident that the bodies of Soviet power would have to evacuate, Motrona and Nadiya also decided to go East. Their mother got them ready for the road and accompanied the daughters to the outskirts of the village. But the girls only got as far as the neighboring village of Khorlupiv, which was already occupied by the fascists.

From the very first days it turned out that the German occupants had accomplices from among the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, who tracked down Motrona and brought her to police headquarters.

"Your name?" the commandant showed the girl the pre-war ballot, when she ran for the district Soviet.

"Mine."

"Wonderful! And now you'll also help us clarify the list of Soviet activists, give up your Komsomol membership card, and tell us where you hid the Village Soviet seal."

The Komsomol member only scornfully looked at the commandant in reply.

"Never mind, you'll tell us everything!" gleefully said the commandant.

The girl managed to escape from jail. She hid among friends and once in a while secretly came home. In the summer of 1943 their house was surrounded by Banderites. Motrona wanted to slip out unnoticed and hide in the ripening rye, but she failed. Hnat Krenik, a strong and cruel Banderite, caught her by the braid and threw her down onto the ground.

"You, the one telling people that your victory is drawing near," croaked the bandit above her face, "but don't you feel that your death is closer?..."

Her mother began crying.

"Have pity on my old age, have mercy on me," she lavished her pleas on them. "You also have a mother!..."

But the nationalists were extremely cruel. And the pleas of Motrona's mother did not touch them, did not move their bestial souls.

"Drag the old one here, too!" roaring loudly, they answered the mother's tears. Then rifle butts and boots took over.

With great difficulty did life return to Komsomol member Motrona Panasyuk. Her mother's love healed her wounds and put her on her feet. But not for long...

One frosty morning of 1944 the Panasyuk family listened attentively to the nearing thunder of the front. They knew that day of liberation was drawing near. But on January the 13th when the village was getting ready to see in the New Year according to the old calendar, woe again came to the Panasyuks. Motrona made out several figures in the dusk of the early evening, who were making their way to the house. They were the bandits Petelka and Korniyuk. Motrona, unnoticed, ran into the barn, hid behind the straw hoping that things would pass.

But the bandits saw her. A heavy blow of the rifle brought her down to the earth. They dragged her outdoors. The freezing January snow cooled her body. Motrona threw a farewell glance at her house, at her dear mother, brothers and sisters. Somewhere in the distance a sled

creaked. Stepan Levkovets was riding along the village. The Banderites stopped him, threw Motrona upon the sled and took off to Olga Buzanchikha's house. Her husband served in the German police and the Banderites always gathered there.

What took place that evening, came to light only in 1959 during the trial of the Banderite leaders who were caught. Under the pressure of evidence they confessed their grave crimes.

...The questioning was begun by Korniyuk. He tried to get her to give up the Komsomol and give them her membership card.

"You'll get nothing from me, be you cursed."

Motrona was taken out into the barn and undressed. Pavlo Kholod, famous by the Banderite name "Velikiy", pulled up a heavy harrow, threw it on the ground sharp spikes up and said:

"Tie her to them."

When Motrona's hands were tied by rope to the harrow, Kholod asked her again:

"Going to talk?"

The girl kept silent. Korniyuk drew her teeth apart, pulled out a knife and stuck it in her tongue.

"You'll talk, Komsomol member!"

After what it seemed only a bloody mass remained of Motrona Panasyuk body, Kholod cut off one of her ears and then another and poked out her eyes, mockingly saying:

"You'll neither see the Komsomol, nor hear about it."

And after a while as if remembering something, he shouted:

"Aha, you say that the Komsomol is in your heart. Let's look there, too..."

The butcher cut open the girl's chest and cut out her heart. For some seconds it seemed to continue beating streaming with hot blood. This amused the Banderites and they even began to count off the seconds — how long can a dismembered heart beat, but Kholod suddenly pierced it with his bayonet, and threw it underfoot. The tortured body of the girl was thrown down into an old well.

The mother looked long for the grave of her daughter. She watered with her tears many forest paths, and spent many sleepless nights waiting for her to return. But the girl never came.

And only when the Motrona's killers were brought to trial did the mother learn about the fate of her daughter.

"We recognized our Motrona by her tightly braided hair and blue buckles from her shoes," mournfully said Yevdokiya Pilipivna. "The cursed marauders sent her to a cruel death."

The life of this girl was short but vivid. She will never be forgotten by the people. Her memory is revered in the village of Novosilki, Mlinivsky district in Rovno Region where she was born, grew up and died a martyr. A monument was erected to this courageous girl. The school and a street were named in her honor. And the people have composed a song about their young villager:

> No-one will freeze the warmth of her soul
> The heart she gave in the fight for the
> truth...

goes this sad song.

PRESCRIPTIVE CRIMES

The West German magazine *Stern* published a photo-report from the court room. One of the photographs shows an elderly woman. Today she is a housewife. Her name is Johanne Tsellye. During the war she was known under the name of Altfater in the town of Volodimir-Volinsky in Western Ukraine. The man wearing glasses in another photo is her husband, pensioner Wilhelm Westerheide. The correspondent took these pictures during the trial which began in the Autumn of 1978 in the district court in the town of Bilefeld.

"We don't remember anything, all this took place too long ago," they answered.

True, what they were asked at the trial took place close to 40 years ago in the town of Volodimir-Volinsky and in the village of Pyatidni, during the nazi occupation of the Ukraine. But, their allegation that they don't remember anything of what took place in those years, is, mildly speaking, a lie. They remember those events only too well.

Westerheide and Altfater are nazi war criminals. During the war Wilhelm Westerheide was the Gebietskomissar of the Volodimir-Volinsky district, and Johanne Tsellye was his secretary and first assistance, especially when blocks were fenced off with barbed wire for ghettos, when the police with their rifle butts drove into them Soviet citizens of Jewish origin.

Like all criminals, they hoped that they would manage to cover their tracks. But this frightful truth, the truth about the fascist terror is remem-

bered by those living, those who witnessed all this and those who lived through it.

Motel Bass, store superintendent in Volodimir-Volinsky, recalls:

"Westerheide was arrogant and cruel. He could kill someone for no reason whatsoever. I personally saw how one time he beat a man with a stick only because the latter did not bow to him.

"When the Jews were driven into the ghetto, they were levied with a so-called contribution, a sort of fine or tribute which were paid in golden items and other valuables. On September 1, 1942 the ghetto where we stayed was sursounded with reinforced units of police and gendarmerie. That morning the policemen and Germans broke into the buildings, drove everybody out, pushed them into trucks and took them off to be shot.

"My father, mother and 19-year old sister were detained on the territory of the ghetto. They were put into jail and shot. The secretary Altfater was also extremely cruel. When in the September of 1942 the mass execution of Jews began, a number of mothers with babies went into hiding. They were discovered by Altfater. She would snatch the babies from the women and kill them by her favorite method. She would smash their heads against a wall."

These events have not been forgotten by Aron Babukh either, who now lives in the new miners' town of Novovolynsk:

"Gebietskomissar Westerheide always had a whip with him and whipped people whenever he felt like it. I often saw him whip men because they took their time getting into line before they

were taken off to work. Several days before the mass execution of the people from the ghetto Westerheide personally shot Simkha Bergman."

Kostyantin Danyevsky, former truck driver of Volodimir-Volinsky Gebietskomissariat also remembers well those black days:

"The entire operation of the execution of Soviet Jews was carried out personally by Gebietskomissar Westerheide and his deputy Krause..."

This is also confirmed by Yevhen Khoperstkov, former driver of the Gebietskomissar:

"When I brought a group of Jews from the ghetto in Volodimir-Volinsky to the place of execution I saw that Westerheide was already at the pit together with Krause and gendarme Keller. They were armed with sub-machine guns and Westerheide was shouting to the Jews who were just brought to get into the pit. The Gebietskomissar gave orders at the place of execution, went about with a sub-machine gun. He was one of the organizers of the mass shooting of Soviet citizens near the village of Pyatidni and personally took part in the execution. The killers did not spare even the children, shooting them together with their mothers."

Mikhailo Zayika, former driver, relates terrible details:

"Westerheide shot Fialo, the gendarmerie translator. I personally saw his secretary Altfater whip people when they were being forced on the trucks..."

A group of lawyers from the town of Bilefeld (North Rhine-Westphalia, West Germany) came to Lutsk to listen to these witness and question them. They agreed to meet with journalists and answer questions on this case. They were asked

if Petro Strizhevets is mentioned in the evidence. 'No, such a man is not mentioned anywhere,' answered the lawyers. It's a pity. He could tell a lot about what terrible conditions existed in the Volodimir-Volinsky ghetto, and that Westerheide and Tsellye-Altfater are responsible for a far greater number of victims than it is mentioned in the materials of the Bilefeld District Court. Strizhevets was a real butcher, and his place is not in the church choir which he conducts in Buffalo, the USA, where he had moved from Neu-Ulm, but in the dock together with Westerheide and Tsellye.

Facts testify to this end. In the Spring of 1942 after finishing the policemen courses the invaders appointed him elder of the police in the village of Stenzharichi, Volodimir-Volinsky district. The only argumentation he had with the villagers was a pistol with which he never parted. His subordinates resembled the commandant, like all the killers of the so-called "Ukrainian" auxiliary police, created by the Hitlerites.

What was this "Ukrainian" police and whose tool they were, was openly recognized by the nationalists themselves. Back on August 26, 1941 the fascist-nationalist newspaper *Lvivski Visti* wrote: "The Ukrainian police is a competent police department of the German police." Further the newspaper underlined that this police "has extraordinary jurisdiction in relations to Ukrainian, Polish and Jewish inhabitants." Under the threat of arms they collected taxes from the villagers, that is they actually plundered them for the benefit of the "Reich," forced the boys and girls to be sent to Germany for slave

labor, carried out various punitive operations, tortured and carried out the mass execution of Soviet people. Such was their extraordinary jurisdiction manifested by Petro Strizhevets.

Till the summer of 1942 several Jewish families lived in Stenzharichi. They had small farmsteads and lived modestly. But the police manifesting their extraordinary jurisdiction flew upon these families, adults, children and old men, close to 20 persons, and chasing them out of their homes, escorted them to the ghetto. In charge of this repression was Petro Strizhevets.

The German occupants with the help of the Ukrainian-German police drove thousands of Jews from the neighboring districts to the ghettos in Volodimir-Volinsky and the town of Ustilug.

Upon orders of the nazi officer the schutzmanns forced the arrested from the trucks and handed them over into the hands of the nazis. They themselves stood behind helping them make short work of the victims. Then they would get into the emptly trucks and go for another group.

Near the pit the officer would force the condemned to undress. The chastisers would then lead them to the grave, where the nazis would shoot them. It is hard to put into words what took place here. The children begged their parents to save them, the old people bid their farewells with the younger, but all of them fell into one common grave mowed down by machine-guns. The wheel of death kept on spinning. The execution continued for several days. Only that week close to 15,000 civilians were shot by the

fascists together with the Ukrainian police near Pyatidni.

One time Strizhevets organized a raid on the village of Koritnitsya, where several Jewish families were still alive. Surrounding their buildings, the police assembled them and later took them to the outskirts of the village, where the German chastisers were waiting beside a pit. They made short work of them.

It's a pity that the justice in the West closes its eye on the crimes of the Ukrainian nationalists, who, as we see, abuse the sovereignty of the countries that sheltered them. The newspapers and magazines published by Ukrainian nationalists in West Germany, for instance, Banderite *Shlyakh Peremohy,* try to hinder the strengthening of friendship among nations, carrying on a propaganda of a new war. The activization of the right-wing forces in West Germany, who are waging a campaign for the rebirth of Hitlerite fascism, is manifested in a discussion for bringing into force the so-called "term of negative prescription" for the nazi criminals.

No, there cannot and should not be any "term of negative prescription" for the nazi butchers and their accomplices. This is once more testified to by the tragic history of the Volodimir-Volinsky ghetto, the investigations of the case of former Gebietskomissar Wilhelm Westerheide and his active helper Johanne Altfater-Tsellye.

FOREIGN PEN, FOREIGN PRAYER

On July 6, 1969 Bishop Mstislav, hierarch of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church, awarded archpriest Anatoliy Dublyansky with

a mitre "for selfless work for the church", as stated by the nationalist press. Those who are not acquainted with Dublyansky could begin thinking that a new name of an innocent mitre-bearer has appeared in the church history. But this is not so. The former Petlura colonel Stepan Skrypnyk, better known as Bishop Mstislav, showered holy honors on former active fascist accomplice, who after the war "consecrated" himself as an archpriest and now heads a parish of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church in Neu-Ulm in West Germany.

I would like to tell you about the life of this "holy father," and you can judge what he deserves — the mitre or scorn. Dublyansky was born into the family of church painter Zakhar in the village of Peretoki, Kivertsivsky district, Volyn Region. His father always had good money on hand and the son could graduate from the Warsaw University, which under the bourgeois government was quite a luxury, accessible only to the rich.

But he could not occupy a landlord chair which he very much hoped to, Soviet power came to the Volyn in 1939. He was forced to go and work. But he was not used to such things. For a person, who from early childhood looked upon others as being "swine," the post of Director of the Volyn Regional Study Museum was not to his taste. And only when the fascists came to Lutsk Dublyansky seemed to come to life. He, who was able to render service and bow to any master, was quickly evaluated by the occupants and appointed by them the chief editor of the occupational newspaper *Ukrainsky Holos* (Ukrainian Voice) in Lutsk.

Today, in trying to raise himself before Ukrainians living in Western countries, Dublyansky writes in his biography that he has never done anything evil with his pen, but wrote only articles on theological and historical subjects. In the Volyn Regional Archives files of newspapers have been preserved which he edited under the fascists. It is not difficult now to accordingly evaluate the publications of the former Goebbels publicist who today, in his archpriest rank, strives to disguise the fact that he was the leading Hitlerite hanger-on, as well the entire, honestly speaking, so-called Ukrainian Autocephalous Church whose printing organ he now represents in West Germany.

Dublyansky's love for God was and remains to be false. Such is also his love for Ukrainian history. It sometimes happened that he would touch on it in his publications, but he tried to defile it in the Aryan manner. Everything in the Ukraine that was worthy of mention, he wrote, was of German origin. The Lyubart Castle in Lutsk, as this former pseudo-expert in regional studies tried to prove, was built not by ancient Volyn masters, but by German architects, and this is why, according to Dublyansky, "it resembles the best German castles." The fact that the congress of European monarchs which, as is known, took place in the castle in 1429, was chaired by the German Emperor, is presented by Dublyansky as the most significant in the history of this ancient architectural monument. It's interesting to note that after the war, when his favorite Hitlerite Germany ceased to exist, Dublyansky again published this article on the

Lyubart Castle, leaving out the part about the emperor and German architects.

He also wanted to germanize the history of Kiev in the *Ukrainski Holos* by trying to dishonor it. Two dates were of special importance to Dublyansky in the 15 hundredth history of the city on the Dnieper. The first was when the Petlurites "entered Kiev on a warm Spring day. A German officer rode ahead on horseback." And the second, 1941, when again "the German troops entered Kiev." It's amazing how they could give this primitive newspaper such a name, *Ukrainski Holos* (Ukrainian Voice). There was not one single Ukrainian voice here. There were only the voices of the ocupants, the voices of the traitors. How else could we call the Hitlerite ode writings by its editor, or the annoying messages of the Lutsk Archbishop Polikarp, the Administrator of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Church, which were regularly printed in this paper?

"The best destiny for my people" (written with a small letter — author), appealed the archbishop from the pages of the newspaper to the fascist Reichskomissariat of the Ukraine, "is connected with the victory of the Great German People." (written with capital letters — author). Further he wishes Hitler "spiritual and physical strength" and assures him that the Ukrainian Autocephalous Church "would pray to the All Mighty" for Hitler's sake.

On Hitler's birthday this fascist voice ordered the heads of the Lutsk-Koval Hierarchy "to hold divine services for the health of the Leader of the German People (also capitalized — author) and proclaim many years for him, preceded by

a service in which the significance of the Genius Adolf Hitler should be underscored..."

Dublyansky especially liked to write articles on the anniversary dates of "Fuhrer" and members of his gang. This was his song of songs. He did not show any signs of literary skill nor writing. The continuous and endless "Heil!" from one issue to another: "The name of Hitler will also go down into history of our Ukrainian people..." But Dublyansky turned out to be a bad prophet. The world cursed name did not go down in any history, but in the list of the most cruel killers where it was registered under No. 1.

As we see it, the holy fathers sin against the truth when they write that Dublyansky published articles in the Ukrainian press dealing with regional study or history of the church. Even from the above-mentioned facts it is clear what "regional studies" Dublyansky was and is still interested in. And this is why he was awarded with a mitre, and the post of Secretary of the supreme administration of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Church. But in the final end everything is in its place — as the pope, so the church. But the aging Goebbels scribbler Dublyansky is not the only such priest at the Autocephalous pulpit.

In the neighboring West German town of Erlengen Mykola Hayuk swings his censer. The same type of saint as Dublyansky. During the time of bourgeois rule in the Volyn Hayuk was one of the leaders of the "enlightenment house" in the village of Romaniv near Lutsk and worked as a salesman in the local store. He would put the cooperative's money into his own pocket, in other words, he stole it. And besides the church

such a person was needed in the reactionary West to fill the chair of head of the Munich department of the society "Volyn". The believers sure gave the sheep in care of the wolf. Where but into the pope's pocket go all their donations if their "father" has long lived with this criminal itch?

The name and even photograph of Serghiy Kytsyuk also often appear in the nationalist press. Those believers in Canada who attend his church probably don't know that once he more sturdily held a knife than he today holds the cross. Together with the Gestapo men he, with the Melnik legion, suppressed the Warsaw uprising.

Today, the Autocephalous fathers, trying to survive, become greater catholics than the Rome Pope, more zealous Banderites than Bandera himself. And the mitres which the grandfather-Metropolitans are awarding, in the foreign back yards, to cains-fratricides cannot hide from honest people the fact that the Ukrainian nationalism and its church ringleaders have always been and will continue to be harnessed together with all dark and evil forces. Their history is alien to the Ukrainian people and the pen which wrote this history is foreign. Even their prayers are of foreign origin.

DEAD SEEDS GIVE NO SPROUTS

People without a Homeland, otherwise known as Ukrainian bourgois nationalists, never had a conscience, neither their own territory nor human reserves.

But since atamans and headquarters without army never interested anyone, the nationalist chieftains resorting to blackmail, bribery and threats, tried to at least put on airs that somebody supported them. In January 1918, for instance, when the Central Rada was clarifying the latest details in the sale of the Ukraine to Kaiser Germany, the nationalist envoys searched through all the educational establishments where sons of landlords and clergy then studied to recruit the ignorant lads into the "Ukrainian Army," which was needed, so-to-say, to defend "independent" Ukraine.

In the first place, the Central Rada needed to arm these credulous simpletons, and force them to shoot in the direction of the advancing Ukrainian revolutionary units at least up to the time they finish bargaining with Germany and Austro-Hungary.

And once more the nationalist "elite" staked on the youth hoping to find naive credulous, who would be the cat's paw. Metropolitan of the Uniate Church Andriy Sheptitskiy, for instance, as soon as the fascists occupied Lvov, said a prayer for Hitler and at once began to trap young souls. "With my whole heart I greet our youth," he wrote flatteringly in his messages, "who are returning to us to work for the good of our people and for fulfilling the ideas of the Ukrainian state." But as soon as it became possible to dress the "volunteers" from Galicia in a German uniform and arm them with German arms, the topic of the priest became entirely different.

In one leaflet under the loud name "Off to Battle" it was stated that in November 1943 an

oath of allegiance was taken by the "SS-Halichina" division to Hitler. The division members were addressed by Otto Wechter, Governor of the "Galicia District," who gave additional explanation why such a division was organized. "When you took the oath of allegiance to Adolf Hitler today, then you, volunteers from Galicia, are indebted to the Fuhrer two and even three times." Thus this oath is to the Fuhrer and Fuhrer alone. But everybody knows what came of that oath, the division and Fuhrer himself.

Afterwards, in the 1960's, the hangers-on of Stepan Bandera, poisoned by his competitors, began forming yet another "Ukrainian division," this time for the war in Vietnam. But their end there was inglorious. Especially discontented were the advocates of hostility in relations among nations in those years when the world began to consolidate the policy of international detente. They began to look for new allies among those, whom not so long ago they considered to be bitter enemies, renewing and polishing up their old signboards.

"We have over a dozen "all-Ukrainian parties and organizations disguised by extremely loud names," wrote the Munich *"Shlyakh Peremogy"* (The Road to Victory). The number of their membership is a secret, but inexorable life sometimes tears off this mask, and from under it looks out their membership amounting to 25—50 people (there are even those which have from 5 to 10 members). Even their "presidents do not know where to look for their organizations beyond the old protocols..."

The nationalist chieftains do not even have any special hopes for increasing this member-

ship. "The Ukrainian emigration youth," wrote former nationalist I. Boyko, "is breaking away from the ideology of the nationalist terrorists who had sown grief and heavily sprinkled it with the tears and blood of innocent victims in the Ukraine. These young people want to know more about the achievements of the Soviet Ukrainian people in building a new life. Chieftains of the overseas branches of Ukrainian nationalist organizations are afraid of such young Ukrainians."

And in order to stop the youth of Ukrainian descent from being influenced by the ideas of friendship, the former Hitlerite accomplices are organizing, on money borrowed from imperialist intelligence services, various spy schools for their children disguised under Sunday Clubs and sports camps. Sometimes some naive persons get caught by their alluring bait, but quickly, at first chance, try to break away from this company which has long ago compromised itself. Another confirmation of this is the failure of the provocative trip of Andriy Klimchuk to the Ukraine.

His father, a former kulak from the village of Spasiv, Sokalski district in Lvov Region, was one of the members of the "SS-Halichina" Division during the war. Afterwards he fled to England, found work as a railroad inspector, married an English girl, but did not become a good family man.

His son was just beginning to learn his ABCs when his father signed him up at the so-called "Union of Ukrainian Youth" — a nationalist organization set up in several capitalist countries. The German henchmen who survived

the war began teaching in the camp "Tarasivka" the history of the Ukraine in a distorted nationalistic style, and modern spying and sabbotage. This is the only thing these criminals can do, who are now in charge of money alloted by the British secret services. The father of one of them, Yaroslav Deremendi, for instance, was a landlord's steward, when Western Ukraine was under landlord Poland, and later served the fascists. Yaroslav is a trainee of the "SS-Halichina" Division. After the war he selected "Ukrainian agents," upon orders of the intelligence service, who were then sent to the territory of the Soviet Union.

It is not hard to see what "historians" assembled in that "Tarasivka" camp. They quickly rattled off the theoretical part and turned to concrete business. One of the old provocateurs, who lives under the pseudonym of James Dickson, handed Klimchuk 360 pounds to pay for his tourist trip. He also gave him a pair of men's shoes in the sole of which were hidden films with slanderous anti-Soviet material, and a solid sum of Soviet currency.

But nothing came of their undertaking. This time the hunters for young souls were left without prey. Klimchuk, thanks to the vigilance of the Soviet people, was discovered. Speaking at a news conference in the city of Lvov, he made the following appeal: "I am very sorry for what I did. I understand that I made a fatal error. I am young, my whole life is ahead of me. I have never been mixed up in any crimes and I had never had any criminal intentions against the Soviet Union. I blame the OUN for dragging me into this anti-Soviet deed, which led to my

arrest. I am angry with myself for agreeing to fulfill the orders of the OUN... After my arrest I was given the opportunity, upon my request, to visit a number of colective farms, museums, schools, the state university and a number of architectural monuments of Ukrainian culture.

"I saw here true democracy, happy people who do not have the slightest desire to fall victim of terror from the Ukrainian nationalists, as was the case in the post-war years."

Quickly realizing the criminal orders which he was fulfilling upon the request of the OUN leadership in Great Britain, Klimchuk published an open letter addressed to those who shoved him onto this treacherous path. "The literature which I brought into the country upon your orders," wrote Klimchuk, "is in essence clearly anti-Soviet and nationalistic. Your organization forwards the idea of setting up in the Ukraine an anti-Soviet organization and nationalistic groups. This is against the relaxation of international tensions... The essence of your literature does not correspond to reality and clearly contradicts it."

What kind of literature was on those films hidden in the sole of the shoes, and why were 10,000 rubles added to it? The word "literature" here is used conditionally, because one can't call by this noble term those semi-literate fabrications with the help of which the Banderites wanted to deceive not only the trustful Klimchuk, but first and foremost, those financing them in the West. One of the fabrications was a so-called "Appeal." The nationalist chieftains from England hoped that no-one would discover that this "appeal" was fabricated by the na-

tionalists themselves at their club. But this case once again shows the people how pitiful and wretched are the former collaborators in the West, and that all their "appeals," "protests," and "memorandums" are but a futile attempt to undermine the ideological foundations of socialism, to preserve the "cold war" and to hinder progressive developments in relations between countries with different social and political systems.

One of the inspirers of the political sabotage among the nationalists, Bogdan Kravets, used to be overjoyed with his own absurdities that there, allegedly, are young people in the Ukraine "who in many cases are risking their perspectives. And this means that they will be ready to go to any lengths when the time comes." But life has shown that these hopes are in vain. If anyone had fallen into their nets, then these were trustful simpletons from among their community. But even that was not for long, because the nets the Banderites are using to catch their victims are foreign, borrowed, and besides that they have long ago become rotten...

MELNIKOVITE DOINGS

In the first days of the war the nationalist groups, having quarrelled among themselves, tried to outdo one another in recommending themselves to the occupants and helping them make up their minds on whom to place their stakes — on the Banderites or the Melnikovites. The advocates of Andriy Melnik, one of the leaders of the Ukrainian Nationalist Organiza-

tion (UNO), for instance, were for some time offended at Theodore Oberlender and Hans Koch, close accomplices of Hitler, because it was not them, but Yaroslav Stetsko who got to stage in Lvov the proclamation of "independent Ukraine." The Banderites in their turn tried to prove to their Berlin masters that they were not mistaken in their choice, and that the aging Melnik should himself have guessed that it was time to step down and give the leadership to a younger ringleader with a more sturdy hand.

But when the front line rolled back, both the Melnikovites and the Banderites were faced with the question on how to find room for themselves in the German wagons which were turning back to the West. It was clear that there was not enough room to go all-around, and only the most merited will be taken along. And here the Melnikovites decided to outdo the Banderites. In November 1943 the policeman from the village of Zhidychina in the Volyn Mikhailo Soltis, secured an appointment to the leadership of the German Secret Service in occupied Lutsk and offered his services.

The German captain Asmus, whom Soltis talked to, worthily assessed the manifested initiative. And soon a strange army, whose soldiers spoke Ukrainian but wore German uniforms, was stationed in the village of Pidhaitsi near Lutsk in the two storied school house. This was the special punitive detachment No. 31, the so-called "Ukrainian Self-Defense Legion," but in reality a fascist-organized army upon the request of the Melnikovites to be used to put down the resistance here, on the western frontier of the oc-

cupied Soviet lands, and there, where they knew for sure they would soon flee.

And the "legionnaires" in German uniform but with nationalist badges in their peak-caps resolved to show their worth once again. Here how it happened... Resident of the village of Pidhaitsi Nikifor Stasyuk lived not far from the school and took water from the school well. One time he saw a large group of Jews here who were brought from the Lutsk jail. Under guard of the chastisers they built bunks in the class rooms and a kitchen. Some time later the arrested were digging the frozen earth with crow-bars. The outline of the pit became clearer and clearer. It was not difficult to guess what all this meant. Soon after screaming, crying and moaning could be heard coming from that direction. The huge grave was hastily covered with frozen earth, and the school was burned down being no longer needed by the Melnikovites.

When Volyn Region was liberated by the Red Army, a special commission uncovered the graves. What a horrible sight met their eyes. In one of the pits they discovered more than 60 maimed bodies — naked, eyes poked out, ears cut off, jaw bones broken. Many people, like Yuriy Parfenyuk's mother from Kiverets, found here their sons, brothers, fathers or sisters.

Such were the traces left by the Melnikovites on one night on the eve of 1944. In the morning, hearing the coming thunder of the front, they rounded up the villagers with wagons and ordered them to take them to Lutsk, and from here Westwards. Their road was a bloody one. Near the small village of Iorchin, in a small settlement of Lyudvishin, there lived several Polish

families. They were all murdered by the brutalized fugitives and hastily buried in the forest road ditch.

The legionnaires had a lot of "work" in the frontier villages and towns of the Volyn where the working people, Ukrainians, Poles and Jews, always lived in harmony. And this natural human kindness and fraternity infuriated the nationalists. They used their knives to cut out everything which united the people. The sister of Stakh Ivasyuk, former member of the Communist Party of Western Ukraine, found him dead in the yard of a Melnikovite gerdarmerie. His body had no eyes and his arms and legs were broken. They could only find the body of Polish girl Felina Kolodyeichik in the spring when the Western Bug brought forth her body twisted with barbed wire to the bank of the flood waters. The Jew David, who had hidden in a dug-out, was discovered by the legionnaires and murdered by them.

The Melnikovites evaded an open fight with the partisans. But they were unsurpassed specialists when it came to razing villages and townships.

It was for this purpose that the nazis created this band. The latter came to their aid when an anti-fascist uprising broke out in Warsaw. Together with the nazis, or even ahead of them, ran the "Ukrainian legionnaires" with knives and flame-throwers along the streets of Warsaw which was reduced to ashes. They even learned to jump with a parachute to the liberated Soviet territory, fulfilling spy missions: the nazis trained them for three months in their abwehrgroup No. 401.

That's how the Melnikovites are known in the Volyn, those who found shelter in the United States, England and West Germany. In the choir of anti-Sovietists they are repeating over and over again the statements fabricated by the opponents of international detente about "violations" of human rights in our country. It would be better if they would quiet down a bit and talk, for instance, with "Makukha" on the persecution of Jews, the man who is well versed on this subject. "Makukha" was the sotnyk (captain) Vasil Stanislaviv from the Melnikovite legion, that very man that wrapped barbed wire around the neck of the Jew David in the anti-tank ditch near the town of Ustilug.

But the Misters Stanislavivs do not like to recall these events. They are taken up by strife amongst themselves and the anti-Soviet campaign. The Ukrainian progressive newspaper *Zhittya i Slovo* which is published in Canada, writes that this will not help them in the least. "The internal struggle among them is so big," points out the newspaper, "that they are ready not only to knife each other up, but to gnaw each others' throats. If they somehow jointly talk under the same roof, it's only because they are united in their hatred for Soviet Ukraine, because its existence has crossed out all their hopes to return to their native land and sit on the backs of their people."

SHADOWS AROUND A GENIUS

Once in a while the nationalists recall the name of Taras Shevchenko. But only to hide their black history behind the bright image of

the national poet. It is no wonder that honest Ukrainians living in Western countries do not want anything to do with the nationalistic distortions of the image and works of this genius of the Ukrainian people.

Ukrainians living abroad, with the exception of those whose soul is poisoned by the ideas of restoring an "independent" bourgeois Ukrainian state, know well the price of acts hostile to man of labor, which are organized by the leaders of the OUN under the pretext of revering the memory of the great son of the Ukraine.

When a monument was unveiled to the Kobzar (bard) in Encarnacion, Paraguay, by the nationalist elite, representatives of working people, those who truly cherished Shevchenko's works were not invited to the festivities. The honorary father at this pharisaical holiday was... Dictator Stroessner "assisted," as wrote *Ukrainske Slovo,* "by the most worthy of worthiest, 'captain of the flotilla' and representatives of as many as two news agencies."

Also present was such a famous "Shevchenko enthusiast" as Bishop Mstislav. He took it upon himself to read the opening address. But, because of the fact that he read Shevchenko's poems not so often as he read the Hitler prayer book *Mein Kampf,* he never even mentioned the poet. But he spoke about the Paraguay fuhrer as though he was God's vicar on Earth.

"You, Mr. President," the bishop flattered Stroessner, "are the symbol of God's message to poor and exhausted." Mstislav asked the dictator's permission to bow before him "his already grey head" and turn to the Lord our God with the request "to preserve the President of the

Paraguayan Republic for many long and joyfull years."

Such was the Shevchenko holiday in all its defamation, an example of hypocrisy and political speculation. But this was not the first and probably not the last attempt of these people without a Homeland to use somebody else's glory to hide their own disgrace. History remembers another insult caused to the glorious name of the great champion of friendship among nations. In Palermo, Canada, where stands the first monument to Taras Shevchenko on the North American Continent, the nationalist hooligans profaned the sacred place of Ukrainians. They covered the statue with black paint and wrote obscenities. This villainous act once again connects the nationalists with the German fascists, who during the war turned the Shevchenko Museum in Kanev into a stable, and used the monument which stands above the poet's grave as a shooting target.

In the multi-voiced choir of anti-Sovietists the nationalists sing the solo part. They themselves fabricate various lies how the works of Shevchenko are being published and read in our country, willingly support various absurdities of any opponents of the cultural rapprochement among nations. The nationalist press readily took up the slanderous statement made by the US Senator John Pastor to the effect that in the Soviet Union "all the works of Shevchenko have been removed from book stores and libraries." This unbelievably primitive absurdity evoked laughter even from the staff of the Senate library, who could, upon the request of this Senator, give him ten reference books issued by UNESCO

which testify to how many times and in what circulations the works of Shevchenko have been published in our country.

The hired pen pushers close their eyes to the truth, feeling a constant fear of it. But the truth always emerges champion. And the entire world knows that there are now more than 100 monuments to Taras Shevchenko in the Soviet Union. Over 300 populated settlements, 9 theaters, several higher educational establishments have been named in his honor. There are five Taras Shevchenko Museums. Many plants, collective farms, buildings of culture and movie theaters have also been named in his honor. His works have been published in all the languages of the Soviet Union. During the years of Soviet power the works of Taras Shevchenko have been published almost 60 times with a total circulation of more than two million in the Ukraine alone. *My Testament* has been published in 45 languages of the world. Every year the Shevchenko prizes are awarded to many of the best men of culture in the Ukraine.

The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists have never loved Shevchenko. In essence, they have always hated him for the fact that his muse imbued with a revolutionary spirit sounded in the mighty choir of champions for the happiness and freedom of the people. The International battalion, in which patriots of many countries defended the freedom of the Spanish people in the 1930s, was named after Shevchenko. During the Great Patriotic War many partisan detachments were conferred this great name.

But who, when and why persecuted Shevchenko? The servants of the Tsarist throne who

even forbid the 100th birthday celebrations of the poet. The ban to pay our respects to Shevchenko, wrote V. I. Lenin, was such a marvellous, wonderful, rarely lucky and perfect undertaking from the view point of agitation against the government, that we could not think of a better one... After this undertaking millions upon millions of "men in the streets" turned into conscientious citizens and became convinced of the correctness of the statement that Tsarist Russia was "a prison of nations."

The word of Shevchenko was a bright ray in the dark kingdom in which the workers of the Western Ukrainian lands lived under the rule of landlord Poland. The poet entered the hearts of even the illiterate — together with the memorized verses "My Thoughts," "The Mighty Dnieper," and others. The working people knowingly carried out this revolutionary act by paying their respects every year to Shevchenko's anniversary.

In the Soviet Union great respect is paid to Taras Shevchenko by all the fraternal nations of our country. The prediction of the great herald of happiness, equality and fraternity of nations came true. And only the blind enemies of the Ukrainian people try to represent him as a glorifier of misanthropy, and mock his works and image. The supreme ideologist of the Ukrainian nationalists Dmitro Dontsov once appealed to "put an end to the Shevchenko cult."

People remember the provocative campaign begun by the nationalist ringleaders in connection with the unveiling of a monument to Taras Shevchenko in the United States. Honest Ukrainians overseas, like all the Soviet people,

believed the unveiling of the monument on American soil to be a manifestation of the great respect of the Americans to the great son of the Ukrainian people. But enemies of the Ukrainian people wanted to turn this great holiday into an anti-Soviet campaign. Lev Dobryansky, President of the Ukrainian Congressional Committee of America, a reactionary nationalist organization, took it upon himself to fulfill the duty of the deputy chairman of the "Shevchenko Monument Committee." How competent was he in this case, judge for yourself. Dobryansky had never been to the Ukraine, never read Shevchenko's works, nonetheless he felt free to call him a "provincial" figure, who, in his opinion, "should be turned into a sharp razor of propaganda against the Soviet Union today."

One attempt of this type was the refusal to accept the soil which was brought by US businessman Platon Stasiuk from the poet's grave in Kanev to have it bricked up in the monument to Shevchenko in Washington. Dobryansky's advisers refused to accept the proposals from a group of outstanding men of culture from the Ukrainian SSR to take part in the unveiling of the monument in Washington.

So it's in vain that the pseudo-patriots try to ascribe Ukrainian nationalism to the image of Taras Shevchenko. This is nothing else but blasphemy.

LITERATI WITHOUT READERS

In his speeches Bishop Mstislav calls the hierarchy of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church not to prayers but to creative

work. Speaking from the church pulpit in the city of Sao Paulo, Brazil, the Holy Father decreed this time "to fill the Ukrainian treasure house with new theological and cultural valuables."

What has evoked the Archbishop's concern for affairs, which, as you can see, have nothing to do with the church? Misfortune forced him. The nationalist fugitives, as is known, have their own "presidents," "prime ministers," "ministers," and, of course, they must have their own men of letters, because there is nothing to publish in the professionally-helpless emigre newspapers. This was confirmed by the newspaper *Ukrainske Slovo* (Ukrainian word) which is published in Paris. In its April 24, 1977 issue, for instance, this pseudo-Ukrainian "word," sincerely confessed that it had nothing to publish except for reprinting the "old articles of Mikhailo Hrushevski or Serghiy Yefremov."

This newspaper wrote that the "state of Ukrainian (read nationalist — author) art is very gloomy," that "nobody but the Ukrainians are interested in art shows: the Ukrainian young people are not interested in them," that "creative apathy is increasing and that there is little interest in the creation of artistic values."

What else did they expect? That people would fight in queues for their "works?" Nothing doing! As the value, so the interest. Let's take as an example one of these "creators," one Dr. Maxim Boyko. *Ukrainske Slovo* shamelessly and unscrupulously tried to place him where he does not fit: "Dr. Maxim Boyko, is the son of Volyn, eulogized by Lesya Ukrainka (?)... He wrote his eleventh work *Bibliographical Review of the*

Armed Struggle of the Volyn." His "bibliography" contains the praising of bandits from the armed organization which was well-known for its collaboration with the fascists and which had the pretentious name Ukrainian Insurgent Army. In this connection his name should be placed beside, say, Bandera or Stetsko, and not beside world renowned poets.

Nevertheless the "nucleus of the Volyn Bibliography" in Bloomington, USA, has published the "work" of this bibliographer on funds alloted by reactionary circles for anti-Soviet actions. But people didn't read that scribble even if they were paid for it. And *Ukrainske Slovo* decided out of spite to criticize for this all the readers, which could be counted on the fingers of the hand. "The Ukrainian Diaspora," writes the newspaper about them, "is getting deeper and deeper into the web of narrow-mindedness, the flat sketches of the TV set have completely filled their lives and are saturating all their aspirations."

And in order to liven up all those who have begun to overgrow with the moss of indifference, the writing Banderite gang often push such bibliographies aside, which, as is known, are of little interest, save for those who write them, and resort to more everyday things. N. Vasiliuk, for instance, read at a nationalist evening a humorous verse "Volyn Borsch." Tired by such "poetry," one of the poet-competitors, Ivanka Chornobrivets, deplorably cried:

> Many verses are today written
> Without thoughts, without ideas!

Basically, she was right. Still certain clarification should be added. It's true that the Ban-

derite graphomaniacs write without thoughts. But do they write without ideas? They write with ideas, but with fascist ones. The traitor Mikhailo Sitnik, back in August 1941 tried to verse such expression as "Heil Hitler!" "I'm a Ukrainian fascist" and so on. And one more thing. The Banderite literati also write poetry, but still more memoires. An example of this is the old Hitlerite biographer born in the Volyn, Ulas Samchuk, who, according to the nationalist press, is now working on the completion of his famous effort *Ost,* and writing a book about the capella of bandura players, and planning to write several works on the last decades in the Ukraine."

"The capella" of bandura players is something new in Samchuk's writings. Practically everything that had been written by him so far was glorification of occupational law and order, money and fratricide. The first issue of *Volyn* of which he was the editor, carried a portrait of the Fuhrer which covered a whole page, and the text of servile flattery, written by Samchuk himself, appealed to the readers to go "together with Hitler's army, together with his system and ideals." In 1945 the author of these servile lines fled to Canada, where even today he recalls the honeymoon of his life, when he was such an assiduous but a provincial biographer, as he himself puts it, of "a man of an extraordinary type," and "a genius with a dark moustache."

Some ten years ago Samchuk had the only chance in his life (true, not of his own free will) to honestly earn his bread. Canadians of Ukrainian descent had refused to buy his pseudoliterature and he had to go and work as a janitor at

a printing house in Toronto. This work was honest and necessary. But what a fuss was made by the newspaper *Noviy Shlyakh* (New Way), how it offended innocent people, saying that because of their indifference they drove a "worthy man of letters in exile" to a broom.

In this connection the progressive Ukrainian weekly in Canada *Zhittya i Slovo* (Life and Word) correctly remarked that the community knows right well who is worth what, and they did the right thing by handing him a broom. But, most likely, the Toronto janitors got offended and clouted him on the head with their brooms for insulting their profession.

In trying to show its bosses that all their writings have some relation to literature, the nationalist press is picking out from the Ukrainian language epithets, designated for geniuses and talents, and are stocking them on the first verse-monger only that he be against the Soviet people and Soviet system.

In writing essays for the nationalist newspapers, the former OUNite Mikhailo Danilyuk even has a column in the US newspaper *Svoboda.* Up to this time he looks at the world through the sight of his bandit rifle. Here's a sample of what he writes: "The sun rose above the forest at a height of two rifles," we read from his so-called "insurgent diary." But the reactionary press printed in Ukrainian is not ashamed to compare him with the classic of Ukrainian literature Mikhailo Kotsyubinsky.

They take anyone at hand to their unrecognized Parnassus. Not so long ago, for instance, Zionist Israel Kleiner, staff member of the Munich radio station "Liberty" has come to light.

Ukrainske Slovo is praising him as a "talented publicist," even though his writings, published and broadcast turbidity, are nothing but stylistically lame lies and slander against Soviet reality. The editorial office of this amateurish newspaper with a foreign voice organized in Munich provocative meetings under the pretext of a literary evening. Kleiner and the "representative of *Slovo* to Europe," the self-appointed Prof. Yu. Boyko, announced the present-day complete unity between Zionism and Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism. "The Jewish youth", writes in this connection *Slovo* "is benevolent to the Ukrainian nationalist movement. The future will show if these dissidents will master the development of events..."

To all this I would like to simply say: why should you, sirs, go to a fortune-teller to look into your future? Everything is clear as is: your future is even worse than your past and your present-day. It will only remain in history as treason and fratricide. As your life, so your literature. And once again in his old age the Shepherd of the Souls Mstislav sinned when he stated in the Brazil Church that the Ukraine was allegedly awaiting your "spiritual efforts in the free world." That's not true. The Ukraine never awaited anything from you, and never will.

BUSTLE AT THE CEMETERY

After the Ukrainian people banished the traitors from their doorstep, the latter have gathered many times at their congresses, assuring one or another holder of the money bag, that it is

they, and not their competitors, that will return one day to the Ukraine with the old yoke and put it on the neck of the people. The driver will be that person who today, so to say, will treat them to the best slice.

But no one save imperialistic intelligence services have ever been interested in this tomfoolery, and the aging atamans (chieftains) without armies finally saw that they would end their lives as unknown toadies. And that is why they decided to at least "scream loudly," as one nationalist newspaper put it. And in 1967 there appeared the so-called "World Congress of Free Ukrainians" (SKVU). Without taking their ears off the CIA prompter's box, the organizers of this "congress" began to invite everybody to whom friendship of nations and international detente is an eyesore.

But it turned out that it was harder for people without a Homeland to assemble for their meeting than, as the Ukrainian saying goes, 'for witches to congregate on a barren hill!' Everyone wanted to be the top guy, to sit on a sturdy stool, to shove their way to such a post which would pay good money. There appeared so many "governments" and "prime ministers" in exile that the organizers of the "congress" had to use a calculating machine. Former kulak from Ternopol Region, Vasil Kushnir, who for some time bore the title of President of the Committee of Ukrainians of Canada, and who sent out the invitations to the first SKVU, turned out to be, in his old age, an advocate of the refugees from the Central Rada which was defeated in the Ukraine after the Great October Socialist Revolution.

The Banderite newspaper *Homin* objectingly stated that there is no place at the congress for "living symbols" as they will be "occupied with the 'feats' of the Central Rada, whereas in reality there is nothing to recall." On the other hand, Stetsko was a "prime minister," if only for several hours and comparatively no so long ago — in nazi occupied Lvov.

"Objection!" shouted the Melnikovites. "We'll not allow Stetsko into the Presidium." They reminded that he was not a"prime minister" but a bandit from the the Banderite gang, which, as is known, butchered during the rivalry to win the right to serve Hitler more than four thousand Melnikovites. The "independent group" from the so-called Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council and even one Hetmaness Yelizaveta also made claim for the leading role in the "congress." In such a confusion the observers from the secret services were forced to display a whip and for a moment calm the quarrel.

And finally when they had gathered under one roof, they began to quarrel about money. Those who had hired them for this provocation, did not at first hand out a great sum. They had to show what they were worth and only then put out their hand for more. The nationalist press sounded the alarm: "turn out your pockets, community, the ringleaders need 100,000 dollars." But the honest community was indifferent. Then the directors of the "world congress" decided to circulate tickets. You want to be a delegate, pay 35 dollars. This was truly a circus with all its attributes.

But then for your "own" money you could laugh till your heart's content. A hilarious event

was when Lev Dobryanski, an officer-in-reserve of the American intelligence, "president of the Ukrainian Congressional Committee of America," got up on the stage and said several words in Ukrainian: "Ladies and Gentlemen! The World Congress is...," further on he began speaking in English, because his knowledge of the Ukrainian language ended with the last word. Even the former Munich *Ukrainski Samostiynik* scolded Dobryanski for the absence of tact, because the delegates were "forced to turn red in the face from the buffoonery of the man who spoke, and for those who stormily applauded those few words spoken in Ukrainian. Prof. Dobryanski is a poor example to our youth, when he, being the chairman of the Ukrainian Congressional Committee of America for some many years, did not make any progress in learning the Ukrainian language."

The masters of political provocation trained by the intelligence services importuned many a person in order to advertise the SKVU, but nothing turned out. The editors were asked and pleaded with, they did not write one single line about the "congress." Then the political businessmen decided to put an ad in the *New York Times.* They paid 10,000 dollars for information about the opening of the false "congress." "A great joy, but a bit too dear," said the rank and file delegates and threatened to make their ringleaders pay for such "advertisements" from their own pocket. In searching for a way out, one of the organizers proposed to stop complaining one on the other, and to all go to the building of the Soviet UN Mission and create an uproar. It seems that money could be

made out of this. The proposal was to their liking, but in such cases, as a rule, the most reactionary newspapers in America cover such events free of charge. However, the SKVU drummers believed that this too was a "victory."

Stepan Protsyuk from Philadelphia on the pages of the *Ukrainsky Samostiynik* called the SKVU "a degraded forum." He told how delegates, even after paying money, bought no rights for themselves. They were forced only to, upon seeing the signal, meet the speaker with stormy applause. One of the naive and offended "free Ukrainians" raised his hand and wanted to ask a question, but the chairman Ignatsi Bilinski, a Banderite ringleader from the Ukrainian Congressional Committee, looked him straight in the eyes, stamped his foot and said: "No questions!"

Yuriy Krivolap, the chairman of the so-called "organization of democratic youth" complained in the *Ukrainskiy Holos* that in the honorary presidium (?) there weren't enough chairs for those who "built the state in 1917—1919" and that "this once again ignored and belittled the significance and the goal of the congress itself." The Melnikovite Prof. Yu. Pundik, seeing that the aspirations of their half of the OUN were not realized, appealed on the pages of the *Noviy Shlakh* to "stop our babble." Yu. Markus from the Munich *Samostiynik* called the SKVU "a stillborn child."

And the author was absolutely correct. When several years later the nationalist ringleaders began "congressing" for the second time, there were much fewer people willing to turn their pockets inside out to witness another laughing

stock. But there were those who hoped to utterly defeat their competitors and occupy a well paid position. But their hopes were in vain. The tomfoolery repeated itself regardless of the fact that Lev Dobryanski, remembering the confusion last time, decided not to take the risk. "Prof. L. Dobryanski," wrote the newspaper *Nash Holos* (Our voice) "did not attend the congress. And he did the right thing. It would have been better yet if he had not sent his greetings to the congress in English... Is this the Fuhrer of the largest Ukrainian organization, who doesn't even know Ukrainian?"

"At the 2nd Congress," writes the magazine *Visti Kombatanta,* "the same quarrels continued. The nationalist elite held sittings during the day and night, but could not reach what was wanted. And the Hotel Administration where they lost their voices quarrelling with their competitors asked them to leave. Hiring another auditorium, Yaroslav Stetsko, overjoyed that he was finally able to get to the stage, tried to get the money-lovers to forget their differences by advancing his ancient lecture on a new war. "Blood and steel will be a judge between us," he pathetically ended his speech at the 2nd SKVU. But this was of interest to a very few and the congress flopped. Then the former officer of the counter-revolutionary Petlura government, well-known among the emigre believers as Bishop Stepan Skrypnyk, organized a collective service, catching at the airport by the hem of the robe Pope Vasil Kushnir of the competitive Uniate Church, who was sick and tired of the Banderite-Melnikovite squabbles, and helped him take his place at the helm.

The fear of being left without any subsidiaries forced these scratch-cats to calm down, although Yaroslav Stetsko hid his anger at the Melnikovites who were able to outwit the Banderites and push through their own representative, Mykola Plavyuk, as deputy to Kushnir. They squabbled a bit as to subordination during the banquet, but this wasn't of any interest. The air of accord was preserved, the intelligence services could continue their financing.

Nonetheless the militant statements of the nationalist ringleaders that "only the weak-willed, who have lost faith in God, only the empiric politicians who count the number of their voters, are afraid of an atomic war," are forcing even those people who yesterday looked them in the face, to turn their backs today.

"We do not sympathize and do not want to take part in the archaic and unperspective struggle between the old political groups and fractions, who lack realism and consistency," openly wrote the youth supplement to the Melnikovite newspaper *Noviy Shlyakh.* And even the church journal *Yevangelska Pravda* (Gospel Truth) published in Toronto did not restrain its indignation in connection with the hypocrisy of the nationalist politicians: "They demand our life and blood for dubious experiments. Someone else must think for us, plan and resolve everything. All that we simple mortals must do is give up our last dollar and place into their hands our body and souls, and they'll know what to do with them."

Honest Ukrainians, and the majority of the Ukrainians living abroad are honest, are frankly and persistently disclosing these lovers of "steel

and blood." "The nationalist leaders would like to extol and intensify "cold war," reads the statement of the Executive Committee of the League of American Ukrainians on the occasion of the convening of the 3rd SKVU. "Every bit of news on the lessening of international tension, every step nearer to the signing of an agreement on the limitation of strategic armaments, evokes in the nationalists an acute fever and undisguised fury. The Ukrainian workers overseas with all their resoluteness reject everything that has to do with the SKVU arrangers."

And the arrangers of the 3rd SKVU, as was the case in the two previous ones, call for the division of the Soviet Union, for a nuclear, hydrogen, neutron, for any kind, but war. "We see the threat of a world war," explains the Banderite *Homin* "as yet another, maybe the last, and maybe the most fortunate possibility for the Ukrainian nation. Even if half of mankind perished in this war, or even more, in our opinion, this would not be such a dear price to pay..."

It is only natural that these insane appeals evoke protest and disgust on the part of the progressive Ukrainians living abroad as of all normal people. The nationalist magazine *Novi Dni* (New Days) is yet naively concerned that the "interest of the community and of our press in the affairs of the SKVU has fallen to a minimum, and we would, in this connection, like to ask the delegates: Will the SKVU live to its 4th congress?".

And what is there here to interest the community? The 3rd gathering was not any different from the two preceding ones. The same as five,

or even 10 years ago, they did not come to one conclusion, the mutually hostile traitors once again decided to create an uproar outside the United Nations Organization, for which they tasted the police club, and, according to the newspaper *Svoboda* (Freedom), "went home with evident contusions."

The only specific feature of the last congress" was that the "presidential" chair was divided in half. Mykola Plavyuk, Canadian Melnikovite, owner of Meat Packers, hopes to occupy his half for two and a half years. The same goes for Banderite Ivan Bazarko. And thus, their home-made throne, assembled with the help of enemies of international detente, will soon be divided again and again by the nationalists and finally only chips will remain.

When the last congress was coming to an end and "tensions among the delegates were rising," wrote *Visti Kombatanta,* someone remarked that it was necessary to hire the best laywers so that such a circus would not be repeated. But no-one carried out this wish, to be more exact, couldn't. There does not exist such a lawyer who could help them. Before you, Messrs. traitors, stands only the accuser. And his name is the Ukrainian people, who have long ago said their last word addressed to you.

EPILOGUE

The nationalist underground in the Ukraine has long ago been erased from the face of the Earth, but the crimes committed by the traitors will never be forgotten by the people. They will not forget them in the name of justice, in the name of the memory of those countless victims whose life was cut short by the bloody hand of the Banderite-Melnikovite butchers. They will not forget them in the name of that, that this tragedy of the past will never again be repeated.

The Ukrainian people are building their happy tomorrow, according to the words of the great Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko, "in the great new family, the family of the free." The ideology of nationalism and racism is alien to the Ukrainian people, they sincerely and selflessly defend the principles of equality of all nations. "An important task," said Leonid Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, "is to further strengthen the union of nations and nationalities."

And futile are the attempts of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists to undermine this union. Regardless of the new tactics used by the nationalist organizations in their anti-Soviet and anti-communist activities, they cannot hope to receive any yield on their barren fields.

CONTENTS

The Life of a Veteran 9
Destiny of a Partisan Family 17
This Cannot Be Forgiven 26
Wells Became Graves 39
Volyn Lidice 49
Interview with American Advocates . . . 60
Who's Afraid of the Truth 71
Song About A Dismembered Heart . . . 81
Prescriptive Crimes 87
Foreign Pen, Foreign Prayer 92
Dead Seeds Give No Sprouts 97
Melnikovite Doings 103
Shadows Around a Genius 107
Literati without Readers 112
Bustle at the Cemetery 117
Epilogue 126

Поликарп Гервасиевич Шафета

ЛЮДИ И КАИНЫ

Очерки, статьи, памфлеты

(На английском языке)

Киев
Издательство
политической литературы
Украины

Editor **V. Ivchenko**
Cover design **T. Smolyakova**
Makeup **L. Yemets**
Proofread by **T. Hureyeva**

Информ. бланк № 2488

Сдано в набор 23.12.81. Подп. в печать 07.05.82. Формат 70×90¹/₃₂. Бумага типогр. № 1. Лит. гарн. Выс. печать. Усл.-печ. л. 4,68. Усл. кр.-отт. 4,86. Учет.-изд. л. 4,43. Тираж 2000. Зак. 2—1162. Цена 15 к.

Политиздат Украины, Киев, Десятинная, 4/6.
Киевская фабрика печатной рекламы им. XXVI съезда КПСС, 252067, Киев-67, Выборгская, 84.

15к.